SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

Those old-fashioned highwaymen, who robbed country squires and belated capitalists, very often escaped Newgate through the affectionate protection of poor cottagers and less romantic thieves whom they had befriended. It was the boast of these knights of the road that while they robbed the rich they gave to the poor and simply served as equalizers of some of England's wealth. Another class of robber seizes upon the wealth of a community by stealing it under the head of "extras," successfully annexed to government contracts. They cleanse themselves from the charge of being common thieves by subscribing to election funds, testimonials, etc. Still another and meaner variety of thief grows rich by grinding the faces of the poor, oppressing his employees, cheating the public and swindling his creditors. He tries to elude the debt he owes to the devil by subscribing liberally to church funds, and makes an effort to disguise himself as a Christian by wearing the mask of piety and the garb of hypocrisy. There are many other varieties, but the meanest of them all is the man who by selfish and wicked devices becomes rich, hangs on to his money till he is about to die and with his last gasp tries to cheat Satan out of his dues by leaving a large share of his ill-gotten gains to churches or charities.

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The newspapers and the people generally have been abusing Jay Gould and figuratively kicking the sods from his grave and tearing the corpse to pieces. I confess I rather admire the nerve that the great financier possessed. It was something like that of Lorenzo de Medici, the great dictator of Florence, who when he was dying sent for Savonarola, of immortal memory, and asked for absolution. The great preacher, who had denounced Lorenzo de Medici from his pulpit as a tyrant, told him that when he restored to Florence the liberties and the wealth he had stolen from her he would absolve him, but not before. Lorenzo the Magnificent turned his face to the wall and died unshriven, while Savonarola, stern but sorrowful, returned to the cloisters of San Marco. Lorenzo was willing to die as he had lived; so was Jay Gould. We cannot but admire consistency in a man, even though we deplore his dreadful and hopeless end. Perhaps the great security wrecker, the heartless speculator, the man who had robbed others without scruple, might have propitiated heaven by making partial restitution, but it is very doubtful. Instead, he left all his wealth to his family, showing only the widened circle of selfishness which includes only one's kinfolks. After all, when a man has given his whole life to the doing of evil it is no compliment to the God who made him to present Him with the dregs of the drained glass and say, "Here, Lord, this makes us square."

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No man can make seventy-five million dollars honestly; I doubt if it is within the power of a man to make seven million dollars honestly, though he may do it within the law. Of one thing I am absolutely sure, that no man can accumulate such a sum and in later years die possessed of it unless he has been a hog and a hard master. In smaller communities, the man who dies possessed of even a very much smaller sum deserves equally opprobrious epithets. If he were making his money in order that he might do good with it, he would invest it in efforts to make the world better and happier day by day, year by year; if he hangs on to it until death is about to seize him we may be pretty sure that he is making his money for the love of it, and a man possessed of such a passion can be neither just nor honest, while to him generosity is a meaningless word. Jay Gould was no better and no worse than many of the men he robbed. In the majority of his speculations, such, for instance, as the big deal in Erie Railway stocks, it was thief catch thief, and though he did not take it from the rich and give to the poor he seldom took it from honest men, but as a rule from rogues like himself, honest people suffering however, as they always must when they become the playthings of thieves. His tastes were simple; he loved his home, his family and his flowers, yet he seems to have been a moral idiot in matters of commercial honesty. If it is safe for a man to live as Jay Gould did it is safe for him to die that way. The majority of people worship wealth and its possessors, and it matters very little how millionaires get their money so long as they get it; they will have a host of admirers and imitators.

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The newspapers that all over America are pointing out the unanimity with which Jay Gould's life and death have been condemned, are many of them as great worshipers of ill-gotten wealth as the verriest snob who would rather be bowed to by a capitalist than be able to give five dollars to the poor. It is a pernicious thing for these so-called teachers of the people to warn rich men that if they die without giving a portion of their ill-gotten wealth to church or charity the reading of their wills shall be followed by the execration of the populace. The newspapers of New York and the United States knew what sort of a man Jay Gould was; why didn't they lecture him when he was alive? It is neither brave nor beneficial to do it now. Jay Gould has shown by his last will and testament that he did not think it was wrong to be a robber, or he would have tried to square his account in the great book that he might not be "short" on good deeds when the great settlement day comes around. Perhaps in his heart he did not believe in a hereafter; if so, we need not wonder at him trying to make the most of his time here in this unrestful world, even though he adopted a method and struggled towards an end which to the majority of men would have the least possible happiness in it, even for the little span which this life covers. At any rate, he was not a coward or a hypocrite and was not afraid to die as he had lived, and I admire a man who has the courage of his convictions, even though they are wrong and cause sorrow and disaster to others. Certainly he is much more worthy of respect than the coward who, after taking the devil's pay through his whole life, endeavors to elude the fulfilment of his contract with his Satanic Majesty and dodge into heaven and strut along its golden streets as one of the saints who came up through much tribulation. What this world wants is not the man who is generous when he dies, but the man who is just and generous while he lives, and

As the tree bends so shall it lie,
As a man lives so shall he die.

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The *Mail*, which recently had a very interesting and well written article on the overcrowded professions, feels pained to see so many young doctors turned loose on the community and thinks it should be made more difficult to write M. D. after one's name. It adduces many reasons why the community may be injured by the undue multiplication of doctors. It says, "Doctors and lawyers alike have largely the power of determining the nature and the extent of their services to the sick or the litigious, and although professional honor and personal rectitude may limit, they cannot altogether prevent, the prostitution of principle to opportunity." Is it not the same in every walk of life? For instance, if we had fewer preachers would they not be more likely to be less hampered and more sincere? That is to say, would they not be more independent, less fearful of losing their parish and their salary? Would they not tell us more which they now conceal and dwell less on those nice points which separate the sects and provide employment for more preachers, soluable as they are, in preserving the purity and peace of the community? Indeed, are there not too many newspapers? Look at this city, for instance, with seven daily papers, not to mention innumerable weeklies and a fairly good stock of monthlies. It has been the aim of the whole seven to publish at the lowest possible price in order to gain subscribers, and to publish the lowest possible type of advertisements in order to gain business. Furthermore, in the deadly struggle for supremacy their necessities have been, and are, so great that they are sorely tempted to "prostitute principle to opportunity." If a newspaper is run to please a faction, the question of right or wrong cannot be permitted to interfere with the performance of the task of furthering the interests of its patrons; propriety cannot be permitted to control the advertising columns, and even decency must be sacrificed to admit advertisements of the most objectionable sort but which pay double rates. Competition is said to be the life of trade, but it is very often the death of decency in more professions than that of medicine. Incompetent and conscienceless people will creep into every profession, no matter how high the fees or how difficult the examinations. Can we better this condition of affairs by making newspaper proprietors pass an examination? Can we raise the standard of journalism by the addition of an act to the already voluminous statutes of Ontario? If so, let us have the act passed; if not, newspapers might just as well quit throwing stones at the doctors and lawyers.

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Not long ago, with a couple of friends, I went over to a political meeting in Brooklyn, N.Y., where the great issues between the Democratic and Republican parties were being discussed. After it was over we saw a crowd rushing into a big saloon, and as my companions were newspaper men they followed the throng to see what was the matter. The "feather weight" champion of America was in there drinking beer, and the people were almost tearing down the house to get a look at him. Next evening I was sitting in the Hoffman House *cafe* with one of those New Yorkers who know the face of every prominent man in the city. A tall, square-shouldered, good-humored colored man entered in company with a short and inoffensive-looking person and took a seat at a table near ours. My friend said, "That is Peter Jackson, the great pugilist, and the man beside him is Billy Edwards, who was once quite a pug. himself." Five minutes afterwards, that immense *cafe* was crowded with club men and swells, and sons of millionaires, stockbrokers and dudes. My friend remarked that the crowd who were smashing one another's hats and tearing one another's clothes to get a look at Peter Jackson, almost without exception belonged to the swell mob of New York, the exclusive "Four Hundred." Yet they came in there to see a big-fisted, pin-headed negro whose only claim to celebrity is his ability to knock a man down while keeping from being knocked down himself! At least a dozen of the spectators came up to my friend and asked for an introduction to Jackson, but he declined on the ground that there was too great a crush. Being considerable of a moralist, he remarked as we went out that a bigger crowd could be got together in New York to see a prize fighter than could be attracted by the presence of a hundred of the best writers and thinkers in the world. A week or so later I saw Corbett get out of a cab, accompanied by his wife and a couple of friends, but before he could enter the theatre a crowd gathered as big as an ordinary mass meeting in Toronto, and the whole auditorium was filled to see him, though he took a no more prominent part than sitting in one of the private boxes. The buzz of conversation during the "waits" was all about Corbett, not about the play. John L. Sullivan, probably the most notorious brute in America, is still attracting thousands to see him pose as an actor. New York's ideals are certainly not classic or beautiful, but perhaps they are no worse than those of other great cities. It is when we see such degraded and degrading evidences of concealed brutality in the human system that we have reason to thank God for the churches and good influences of Christianity.

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What I started to say was something regarding the domestic difficulties of Mr. and Mrs. Prize-Fighter Corbett. In the nimble "Jim" the people of the United States thought they had discovered a successful pugilist who at the same time was a level-headed gentleman. Now it appears that he has been writing the worst sort of fool love letters to a woman who is not his wife, and who, when he quarreled with her, handed over his correspondence to the newspapers, with a divorce suit as the probable result. I doubt if any man can be a prize fighter, or travel with prize fighters or the sang that rush to see such exhibitions, and maintain his self-respect. Hereafter I imagine the public will not expect a combination of prize fighter and gentleman. The American people, as usual, will be more ready to forgive Corbett for his marital infidelities than for his folly in writing love letters to a woman who had nothing to lose by giving them away.

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I reprint here a circular which deserves the attention of everyone who has anything to give to the poor. The plan offers an excellent opportunity of teaching children the blessedness of giving. As a rule, at Christmas the little people struggle to have some gift for their parents and one another within the family circle, but are too seldom reminded that there are those of their own age to whom a kind word is almost as rare as a Christmas box. I think children are often injured by the multiplicity of presents showered upon them during the holidays, and the influence of having received too much is not counteracted by the teaching that they may have the pleasurable duty of giving without hope of receiving a gift in return. It very often happens that the name of no needy person, of no joyless child suggests itself at this merry season, and the little ones of the poor are thus forgotten by thousands who are quite willing to give. The scheme outlined below is under the management of those who take a great interest in the Children's Fresh Air Fund, and there is not the slightest doubt that the toys, of which the children in the thousands of homes where SATURDAY NIGHT is a weekly visitor can spare armfuls, will be properly distributed and will be received with delight by the poor children of Toronto. Call your children together and ask them what they can spare; let it be their pleasant task to take their little gifts to 49 King street west. It will do them good and bring much happiness to others. Do this at once so that the articles may be properly classified, such repairs done to them as are necessary, and in order that there may not be a rush at the last minute.

AWAITED IN VAIN.

From the Painting by Ernest Thompson, Toronto.

TORONTO POOR CHILDREN'S SANTA CLAUS.—In order that as many poor children as possible may be remembered by Santa Claus, the Toronto Children's Aid Society has decided to open the building, 49 King street west, for the reception of toys—old or new—dolls, dolls' clothing, picture cards, books, children's clothing, candies, or, in fact, anything that can give pleasure or benefit to poor children.

These gifts will be received on and after Tuesday, December 6, and will be labeled and placed on exhibition. On Tuesday, December 13, the building will be opened to the general public.

On Friday, December 23, all the articles contributed will be distributed to the children, at their homes, through the agency of the Mission workers, and a large staff of ladies, who have volunteered their assistance.

Manufacturers, storekeepers, citizens generally, and all boys and girls are invited to contribute. The co-operation of Sunday and day schools is solicited to make this collection a grand success.

Mayor Fleming, City Hall, or Mr. C. P. Smith, treasurer of the Children's Aid Society, Confederation Life Chambers, will receive cash contributions, to be applied to the improvement of the condition of neglected children, and to be known as The Toronto Poor Children's Christmas Fund.

No poor child in Toronto need be overlooked in the distribution, as the Society invites all citizens to send in the names and addresses of deserving children on or before December 20, addressed to "Santa Claus, 49 King street west, Toronto." Telephone 1490.

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Last Sunday while going up to see a friend in North Toronto I saw a great many vehicles go past and became interested in studying the positions of the people in the seats. One man was driving a Gladstone. He was a little fellow and his wife was a large woman; there were five children, from a baby up to a ten-year-old, and I think he was the most sheepish-looking man I ever saw, for his wife overshadowed him and he was almost covered up with youngsters. No doubt he was wishing himself at home, while wondering if his equipage was making people laugh. How is it that half the fathers when they take their children out for a walk or drive seem to try to make people believe that they do not belong to the party? Either such occasions must be rare or they are not fond of the *role* of *pater familias*, or are afraid that their chances of being mistaken for gay young fellows may be destroyed by an exhibition of a string of youngsters. Another buggy came along, with a great big man sitting almost in the middle of the seat, a wife and a baby crushed in on one side and almost behind him. He was driving a trotting horse and was ignoring the fact that he was not alone. A young fellow and his girl, in a livery rig, came next. He was evidently unaccustomed to horses and girls; he held the lines as if they were made of glass, sat perfectly upright and seemed absorbed in the idea of getting somewhere and back again without breaking anything. How funny the dialogue would read if all that those two young people said to one another were put in print and the embarrassing pauses left blank.

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I am glad I do not keep a livery stable, for I would be half the time in the police court prosecuting some of the reckless young fellows who when they pay three or four dollars for a horse and buggy imagine they have a right to kill the horse and smash the rig. Three lads, their ages averaging about seventeen, dashed furiously past the young man with the glass lines, the big man with the little wife and the trotting horse, and the little man with the big wife and large family, going uphill with the horse at a run, smoking cigars, laughing boisterously and laying on the whip. Poor old horse! If there is anything in the theory of the transmigration of souls and that the spirits of wicked people are condemned to dwell in the bodies of the brute creation until they expiate their sins, the spirit that dwells in you, poor old plug, must have been that of a very hard and cruel man, or surely you would never have been condemned to the service of those wild and heartless boys. What a proper punishment, though, it would be if the souls of tyrants, usurers, wife beaters, and thugs, were forced to inhabit the body and feel the pains of a livery horse. Can one conceive of any fitter punishment for the heartless, who care not what pain and suffering they cause, than to be a knee-sprung old horse, standing cold and shivering before a wayside tavern waiting to be driven home by some drunken roughs who will spare neither the lash nor the curse. It would be poetic justice, and if it were more generally believed in perhaps a fellow feeling for the suffering brute between the shafts would cause the driver to be a little more gentle, a little more sparing of the whip, a trifle more thoughtful in fastening the blanket around the steaming and tired old hack, who has not even the power of weeping over his miseries.

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While I do not believe in the transmigration of souls, I am quite confident that the man who will wantonly abuse a horse cannot be trusted to be kind to a woman. If the girls who go out "buggy riding" remember this rule, they can form a very good estimate of their companions' fitness for the position of lover or husband. If he beats and lashes the horse, never thinks of slackening speed uphill or down, or forgets that horses get thirsty and tired; if he has no word of encouragement for the poor beast, or if he lacks these qualifications even in a degree, it may be easily understood that he would treat his wife in the same way. A good man is merciful to his beast and thoughtful of every animal who looks to his hand for food.

DON.

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All the master hands who have sought with skilful pens to defeat the pathetic side of life may seem to have succeeded in a greater or lesser degree until some pathetic incident happening within our observation shows us how very weak and bungling art is at bear. Nothing I ever read impressed me so much as that brief letter from the mother of young Tickner, who was shot on Widmer street by a policeman. We all justified the officer in defending his person and in checking those who were defying law and order. Newspaper men said, and I subscribed to the opinion, that young Englishmen with trained fists must not be encouraged in the pastime of showing admiring friends how they can knock policemen down as fast as they can get up. We admitted that it was a lamentable thing that the young soldier should have foolishly provoked his death—a cold, business-like admission with no soul in it. But the young man had a mother. Her brief and touching letter has placed her prominently within range of our sympathies and we can all understand how the tragedy which we so owlishly discussed as a profitable warning to hosts of reckless youths, was to her the one particular calamity possible over the face of the whole earth. Her feelings seem to have been purified by passage through the fire of affliction, and she writes a letter of thanks to those into whose house her dying son was carried, speaks of him as always having been a good, kind boy, whose death under such circumstances she cannot understand at all, and adds a few thoughtful words of sympathy for the officer who figured in the anguish-making event. It is such a letter as no student of the passions or master of pathos could ever hope to equal in the world. It has none of the wrangling or resentful features displayed by men and women in treating of smaller troubles—her grief is so all-pervading that her heart has no room for anger. The insane threats of pursuit and vengeance indulged in by the woman of the melodrama is not there; nor is her frenzied and carefully punctuated curse. Her sorrow is of the true kind, feminine, motherly and exalted. Her letter is a monument to her son, and does him honor in the public eye.

MACK.

The Type-Written Letter.

When a man has battled with poverty all his life, fearing it as he fought it, feeling for the skinny throat to throttle it, and yet dreading all the while the coming of the time when it would gain the mastery and throttle him—when such a man is told that he is rich, it might be imagined he would receive the announcement with hilarity. When Richard Denham realized that he was wealthy, he became even more sobered than usual and drew a long breath as if he had been running a race and had won it. The man who brought him the news had no idea he had told Denham anything novel. He merely happened to say: "You are a rich man, Mr. Denham, and will never miss it."

Denham had never before been called a rich man, and up to that moment he had not thought of himself as wealthy. He wrote out the check asked of him, and his visitor departed gratefully, leaving the merchant with something to ponder over. He was as surprised with the suddenness of the thing as if someone had left him a legacy. Yet the money was all of his own accumulating, but his struggle had been so long, and he had been so hopeless about it, that from mere habit he exerted all his energies long after the enemy was overcome—just as the troops at New Orleans fought a fierce battle not knowing the war was over. He had sprung from such a hopelessly poor family. Poverty had been their inheritance from generation to generation. It was the invariable legacy that father had left to son in the Denham family. All had accepted their lot with uncomplaining resignation, until Richard resolved he would at least have a fight for it. And now the fight had been won. Denham sat in his office staring at the dingy wall paper so long that Rogers, the chief clerk, put his head in and said in a deferential voice:

"Anything more to-night, Mr. Denham?"

Denham started as if that question in that tone had not been asked him every night for years.

"What's that, what's that?" he cried.

Rogers was astonished, but too well trained to show it.

"Anything more to-night, Mr. Denham?"

"Ah, quite so. No, Rogers, thank you, nothing more."

"Good night, Mr. Denham."

"Eh? Oh, yes. Good night, Rogers, good night."

When Mr. Denham left his office and

Miss Gale.

went out into the street, everything had an unusual appearance to him. He walked long, unheeding the direction. He looked at the fine residences and realized that he might have a fine residence if he wanted it. He saw handsome carriages; he, too, might set up an equipage. The satisfaction these thoughts produced was brief. Of what use would a fine house or an elegant carriage be to him? He knew no one to invite to the house or to ride with him in the carriage. He began to realize how utterly alone in the world he was. He had no friends, no acquaintances even. The running dog with its nose to the ground sees nothing of the surrounding scenery. He knew men in a business way, of course, and doubtless each of them had a home in the suburbs somewhere, but he could not take a business man by the shoulders and say to him, "Invite me to your house; I am lonesome; I want to know people."

If he got such an invitation, he would not know what to do with himself. He was familiar with the counting room and its language, but the drawing room was an unexplored country to him, where an unknown tongue was spoken. On the road to wealth he had missed something, and it was now too late to go back for it. Only the day before, he had heard one of the clerks, who did not know he was within earshot, allude to him as "the old man." He felt as young as ever he did, but the phrase so lightly spoken made him catch his breath.

As he was now walking through the park, and away from the busy streets, he took off his hat and ran his fingers through his grizzled

"Denham hesitated."

hair, looking at his hand when he had done so as if the gray, like wet paint, had come off. He thought of a girl he knew once, who perhaps would have married him if he had asked her, as he was tempted to do. But that had always been a mistake of the Denhams. They had all married young except himself, and so sunk deeper in the mire of poverty, pressed down by a rapidly increasing progeny. The girl had married a baker, he remembered. Yes, that was a long time ago. The clerk was not far wrong when he called him an old man. Suddenly, another girl arose before his mental vision—a modern girl—very different indeed to the one who had married the baker. She was the only woman in the world with whom he was on speaking terms, and he knew her merely because her light and nimble fingers played the business sonata of one note on his office typewriter. Miss Gale was pretty, of course—all typewriter girls are—and it was generally understood in the office that she belonged to a good family who had come down in the world. Her somewhat independent air deepened this conviction and kept the clerks at a distance. She was a sensible girl who realized that the typewriter paid better than the piano, and accordingly turned the expertness of her white fingers to the former instrument. Richard Denham sat down upon a park bench. "Why not!" he asked himself. There was no reason against it except that he had not the courage. Nevertheless, he formed a desperate resolution.

Next day, business went on as usual. Letters were answered and the time arrived when Miss Gale came in to see if he had any further

"You want me to write a letter to him?"

commands that day. Denham hesitated. He felt vaguely that a business office was not the proper place for a proposal; yet he knew he would be at a disadvantage anywhere else. In the first place, he had no plausible excuse for calling upon the young woman at home, and, in the second place, he knew if he once got there he would be stricken dumb. It must either be at his office or nowhere.

"Sit down a moment, Miss Gale," he said at last. "I wanted to consult you about a matter—about a business matter."

Miss Gale seated herself, and automatically placed on her knee the shorthand writing-pad ready to take down her instructions. She looked up at him expectantly. Denham, in an embarrassed manner, ran his fingers through his hair.

"I am thinking," he began, "of taking a partner. The business is very prosperous now. In fact, it has been for some time."

"Yes?" said Miss Gale interrogatively.

"Yes. I think I should have a partner. It is about that I wanted to speak to you."

"Do you think it would be better to consult with Mr. Rogers? He knows more about business than I. But perhaps it is Mr. Rogers who is to be the partner?"

"No, it is not Rogers. Rogers is a good man. But—it is not Rogers."

"Then I think in an important matter like this Mr. Rogers, or someone who knows the business as thoroughly as he does, would be able to give advice that would be of some value."

"I don't want advice exactly. I have made up my mind to have a partner, if the partner is willing."

Denham mopped his brow. It was going to be even more difficult that he had anticipated.

"Is it, then, a question of the capital the partner is to bring in?" asked Miss Gale, anxious to help him.

"No, no. I don't wish any capital. I have enough for both. And the business is very prosperous, Miss Gale—and—and has been."

The young woman raised her eyebrows in surprise.

"You surely don't intend to share the profits with a partner who brings no capital into the business?"

"Yes—yes, I do. You see, as I said, I have no need for more capital."

"Oh, if that is the case, I think you should consult Mr. Rogers before you commit yourself."

"But Rogers wouldn't understand."

"I'm afraid I don't understand either. It seems to me a foolish thing to do—that is, if you want my advice."

"Oh, yes, I want it. But it isn't as foolish as you think. I should have had a partner long ago. That is where I made the mistake. I've made up my mind on that."

"Then I don't see that I can be of any use—if your mind is already made up."

"Oh, yes, you can. I'm a little afraid that my offer may not be accepted."

"It is sure to be, if the man has any sense. No fear of such an offer being refused. Offers like that are not to be had every day. It will be accepted."

"Do you really think so, Miss Gale? I am glad that is your opinion. Now, what I wanted to consult you about, is the form of the offer. I would like to put it—well—delicately, you know, so that it would not be refused, nor give offence."

"I see. You want me to write a letter to him?"

"Exactly, exactly," cried Denham, with some relief. He had not thought of sending a letter before. Now he wondered why he had not thought of it. It was so evidently the best way out of a situation that was extremely disconcerting.

"Have you spoken to him about it?"

"To him! What him?"

"To your future partner, about the proposal."

"No, no. Oh, no. That is—I have spoken to nobody but you."

"And you are determined not to speak to Mr. Rogers before you write?"

"Certainly not. It's none of Rogers' business."

"Oh, very well," said Miss Gale shortly, bending over her writing-pad.

It was evident that her opinion of Denham's wisdom was steadily lowering. Suddenly she looked up.

"How much shall I say the annual profits are? Or do you want that mentioned?"

"I—I don't think I would mention that. You see, I don't wish this arrangement to be carried out on a monetary basis—not altogether."

"On what basis then?"

"Well—I can hardly say. On a personal basis, perhaps. I rather hope that the person—that my partner—would, you know, like to be associated with me."

"On a friendly basis, do you mean?" asked Miss Gale mercilessly.

"Certainly. Friendly, of course—and perhaps more than that."

Miss Gale looked up at him with a certain hopelessness of expression.

"Why not write a note inviting your future partner to call upon you here, or anywhere else that would be convenient, and then discuss the matter?"

Denham looked frightened.

"I thought of that, but it wouldn't do. No; it wouldn't do. I would much rather settle everything by correspondence."

"I am afraid I shall not be able to compose a letter that will suit you. There seem to be so many difficulties. It is very unusual."

"That is true, and that is why I knew no one but you could help me, Miss Gale. If it pleases you, it pleases me."

Miss Gale shook her head, but after a few moments she said, "How will this do?"

"Dear sir——"

"Wait a moment," cried Mr. Denham; "that seems rather a formal opening, doesn't it? How would it read if you put 'Dear friend?'"

"If you wish it so." She crossed out the "sir" and substituted the word suggested. Then she read the letter:

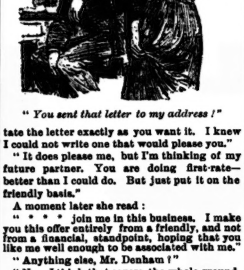
"DEAR FRIEND,—I have for some time past been desirous of taking a partner, and would be glad if you would consider the question and consent to join me in this business. The business is, and has been for several years, very prosperous, and, as I shall require no capital from you, I think you will find my offer a very advantageous one. I will——"

"I—I don't think I would put it quite that way," said Denham, with some hesitation. "It reads as if I were offering everything, and that my partner—well, you see what I mean."

"It's the truth," said Miss Gale defiantly.

"Better put it on the friendly basis as you suggested a moment ago."

"I didn't suggest anything, Mr. Denham. Perhaps it would be better if you would dictate the letter exactly as you want it. I knew I could not write one that would please you."



"You sent that letter to my address!"

"It does please me, but I'm thinking of my future partner. You are doing first-rate—better than I could do. But just put it on the friendly basis."

A moment later she read:

"* * * join me in this business. I make you this offer entirely from a friendly, and not from a financial, standpoint, hoping that you like me well enough to be associated with me."

"Anything else, Mr. Denham?"

"No. I think that covers the whole ground. It will look rather short, type-written, won't it? Perhaps you might add something to show that I shall be exceedingly disappointed if my offer is not accepted."

"No fear," said Miss Gale. "I'll add that, though. 'Yours truly,' or 'Yours very truly?'"

"You might end it 'Your Friend.'"

The rapid click of the typewriter was heard for a few moments in the next room, and then Miss Gale came out with the completed letter in her hand.

"Shall I have the boy copy it?" she asked.

"Oh, bless you, no," answered Mr. Denham, with evident trepidation.

The young woman said to herself, "He doesn't want Mr. Rogers to know, and no wonder. It's a most unbusiness-like proposal."

Then she said aloud, "Shall you want me again to-day?"

"No, Miss Gale; and thank you very much."

Next morning Miss Gale came into Mr. Denham's office with a smile on her face.

"You made a funny mistake last night, Mr. Denham," she said, as she took off her wraps.

"Did I?" he asked in alarm.

"Yes. You sent that letter to my address. I got it this morning. I opened it, for I thought it was for me, and that perhaps you did not need me to-day. But I saw at once that you had put it in the wrong envelope. Did you want me to-day?"

It was on his tongue to say, "I want you every day," but he merely held out his hand for the letter, and looked at it as if he could not account for its having gone astray.

The next day Miss Gale came late, and she looked frightened. It was evident that Denham was losing his mind. She put the letter down before him and said:

"You addressed that to me the second time, Mr. Denham."

There was a look of haggard anxiety about Mr. Denham that gave color to her suspicions. He felt that it was now or never.

"Then why don't you answer it, Miss Gale?" he said gruffly.

She backed away from him.

"Answer it?" she repeated faintly.

"Certainly. If I got a letter twice I would answer it."

"What do you mean?" she cried, with her hand on the door knob.

"Exactly what the letter says. I want you for my partner. I want to marry you, and—financial considerations——"

"Oh!" cried Miss Gale in a long-drawn, quivering sigh. She was doubtless shocked at the word he had used, and fled to her typewriting room, closing the door behind her.

Richard Denham paced up and down the floor for a few moments, then rapped lightly at her door, but there was no response. He put on his hat and went out into the street. After a long and aimless walk he found himself again at his place of business. When he went in Rogers said to him:

"Miss Gale has left, sir."

"Has she?"

"Yes, and she has given notice. Says she is not coming back, sir."

"Very well."

He went into his room and found a letter marked "personal" on his desk. He tore it open and read in neatly type-written characters:

"I have resigned my place as typewriter girl, having been offered a better situation. I am offered a partnership in the house of Richard Denham. I have decided to accept the position, not so much on account of its financial attractions, as because I shall be glad, on a friendly basis, to be associated with the gentleman I have named. Why did you put me to all that worry writing that idiotic letter, when a few words would have saved ever so much bother? You evidently need a partner. My mother will be pleased to meet you any time you call. You have the address. Your friend,

"MARGARET GALE."

"Rogers!" shouted Denham joyfully.

"Yes, sir," answered the estimable man, putting his head into the room.

"Advertise for another typewriter girl, Rogers."

"Yes, sir," said Rogers.—*Robert Barr in Detroit Free Press.*

The Game of Whist.

An advertisement appearing in the columns of SATURDAY NIGHT on the subject of Whist recalls to the writer many a frantic effort of his own at Bumblepuppy, *i.e.*, "the endeavoring to play the game in total ignorance of all its laws and principles or in defiance of them, or both." The blush of shame rises to his cheek even now as he thinks of those hopeless games, and he seems to hear the silent imprecations of partners whose long-suffering had certain limits. Besides the unfortunate writer, how many another has entered light heartedly into "a mere game" in the belief that it would be mastered merely by playing it. Imagine a group of the *soi-disant* "average" whist players rendered tutorial, and continuing for all time to play out the ace first! There is no royal road by which knowledge of this noble old game can be acquired; the writer has tried short cuts, but they have invariably proven *cul de sacs.*

Two considerations cannot be impressed too forcibly or too often upon the beginners. First, the necessity of "book-learning" to give him a knowledge of laws and principles which govern the game. In the second place, actual experience by which he may bring these laws and principles into play.

An opportunity is now offered to all students of the game for acquiring a thorough knowledge of its principles and practice by Major Draper, a gentleman who has had long experience of the game and is thoroughly competent to impart instructions to others.

The writer is pleased to hear that classes have already commenced and others are in course of formation for the practice and study of this fascinating game during the winter. I am delighted to know that this finest old game of all is gaining a foothold in Ontario, society people in all the towns forming classes and clubs. RIVOKE.

Educational Failure.

Farmer Homespun, living in the western part of New York, sent his son Bill to Yale College. He hadn't heard from Bill in some time, but one day a dandified fellow called at the farmhouse and said he was from Yale College and knew Bill.

"You be one of them students at Yale College, be you?" asked the farmer.

"Yaas. I claim old Yale as my *alma mater.* Bill told me to call in and see you while I was in your neighborhood fishing. Bill has gone to New York for a little relaxation."

"So you know my son Bill—Bill Homespun.

"Why certainly I know him. We are in the same boat."

"How is Bill coming on? He hasn't writ to me in a good while, but he draws drafts pretty reg'lar. Is he industrious?"

"He practices every day four or five hours. He pulls a pretty fair oar for a freshman. He is learning to feather his oar pretty well."

"How does he get along with his professor?"

"He is learning fast. He was a little awkward at first, but the professor polished him every day, and Bill will be able to put up his hands to almost anybody. He is getting to box like a professional."

The old farmer was somewhat mystified. When he sent his son to Yale his idea was to have the young man to learn to paddle his own canoe and feather his own nest, but he had no idea that feathering an oar and rowing a boat were the best means of acquiring that knowledge.

"How is Bill coming on with his books?" asked the old man.

"My dear sir, it is all nonsense trying to learn how to row a boat or box by studying books. There are lots of books a feller can study if he wants to, but the only way is to discard books and put on the gloves, or go at it practically."

"How about his other studies; does he pitch in and work?"

"No. It's not every feller who can play baseball who knows how to pitch. He is pretty good at shortstop."

The old man shook his head and murmured:

"So he is good as a shortstop. Well, I guess if that's all he's learnin' he'll stop, sure enough."

Bill's next draft went to protest, and now Bill is sitting around in the village store, and tells yarns about college life to the open-mouthed rustics.—*Texas Siftings.*

Great Head.

"One of the coolest actions I ever observed in the course of my express experience," said an express messenger to a reporter of the *Cincinnati Times-Star,* "was that of a rough fellow from New Mexico. He was poorly dressed, and boarded our train at Tombstone on a second-class ticket, depositing at the same time a box in the care of the express agent, labeled 'Rattlesnakes—handle with care.' It was a small soap box and not very heavy, but you can bet that box was zealously guarded. At Kansas City he came and got the box and carried it off to a bank. The banker was a friend of mine, and, meeting him the next day, I asked what that fellow did in the bank with the rattlesnakes.

'Rattlesnakes! Well, that's a good joke on the express company,' he replied. 'That box had exactly $80,000 in $10 greenbacks in it.'

"If the money had been entered as money we would have charged him a neat sum for its transportation, but by labeling it rattlers, he had it carried for a trifle, and I'll venture it was more secure from robbers under that simple title than it would have been in the stoutest safe."

Why Not?

She—Why do they call him baron?

He—Because his ways are so baronial.

She—Then they ought to call poor dear grandpapa colonel—his ways are so colonial.

Dangers of Travel.

First Traveler—Strange what a slight obstruction will sometimes derail a train.

Second Traveler—Very true. I've often seen the sudden rushing of a locomotive upon so insignificant a thing as an English sparrow causes it to leave the track.

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Something New for Christmas.

EVERYONE is asking for something new for Christmas presents, and I have been on the warpath to hunt up some novelties for the occasion. The following are a few of the many lovely things one can find in the handsome shops of Toronto. For madame, that she may know one is grateful for her excellent dinners and tasty suppers, I would recommend an elegant set of cutlery which I saw at Rice Lewis's. It was laid out in splendor in a handsome case, and the beautiful pearl and silver articles were as follows: Two pairs of carvers, a fish fork and slice, a cake lifter, a bread knife and a cheese scoop. It was most complete and altogether lovely, and were I a modish hostess I think I should be very happy if Santa Claus would send it to me.

•

Other pretty things at this large establishment are the Princess lamps, in a medium size between the fairy and the banquet lamps, and some of which are most artistic. They are canopied with the inevitable silk shade and are dainty adjuncts of the boudoir or *tete-a-tete* tea table; they will also make acceptable Christmas boxes.

•

The most "immense" thing in the way of a timepiece I ever beheld is the hardware clock. You should go to Rice Lewis's and see one! It is simply a mammoth frying pan turned face inwards and hung on a hook against the wall. On its back is a gold numbered clock dial with golden hands, and there is a delightful incongruity, and at the same time a novelty about the idea that is very *chic*.

•

A pair of jam spoons, in a neat little case, a royal game set with horn handles and pointed blades, some delightfully dainty and precious fish sets in silver and ivory or pearl, some quaint Japanese dinner gongs with very sweet tones, and a "cut-love" set of graded scissors, for which one must be sure to give a penny in exchange or risk a quarrel, are among the nice Christmas things at the corner of King and Victoria streets.

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The most remarkable bonnet brought out this season is of black velvet with a wide poke brim and white tulle cap front such as you may sometimes see framing the face of an ancient lady. It is trimmed with five black feathers, and has white ribbon strings. Many bonnets have come out in heliotrope velvet trimmed with roses dyed the same color. A lovely hat with a curved brim was in tan felt, trimmed in front with a bright red velvet bow and three black feathers at the back. There were also some small tips under the brim on one side. Black and tan is a very pretty mixture, and one that is rather fashionable this autumn. The poke bonnet cannot spoil the charm of a fresh young face, and one may almost say that it suits some young ladies; but it certainly does not "go" at all well with artificial complexions. It is the fashion now to have two or three longish feathers drooping over one's back hair. The French feathers are very little curled—you might imagine that they had suffered from the damp, so straight are they. The Gainsborough hat is coming into vogue again.

•

I saw a lovely cloak of dark brown cloth falling in full folds back and front from a yoke of bright pink velvet. It was trimmed round the neck, wrists and hem with brown fur, and had a brown felt hat to match, with a full beefeater crown of pink and a bow of the two colors on the left side. There were several other cloaks made after this fashion. One with a violet velvet yoke had the lower half of the sleeves made of the same material, and a hat to match edged with fur. Another brown cloak had a yoke of apple-green velvet. A sweetly pretty evening dress was in pale pink silk with a brown velvet yoke, and full elbow sleeves of the same edged with lace. This had ribbons crossed over the front of the bodice, that were taken round the waist, brought back to the front again and tied on the left side of the waist.

•

For ball gowns there are not too many novel ties, so the task of deciding on something is not such a difficult one as it usually is. The gauzes with watered silk effects are very pretty, and the black nets striped with all the colors of the rainbow have the charm of novelty if nothing else. China silk robes in beautiful shades of pink, blue, or mauve, trimmed with lace insertion, with rows of *bebe* ribbon between and lace frills round the extreme edge, are among the prettiest novelties shown. By the way, girls with big feet should always have their skirts trimmed round the bottom.

•

Shall we eventually oblige the dressmakers by wearing the trimmed skirts they have been trying to force upon us for the last two or three seasons, I wonder? It will be interesting to see. We generally do oblige them in some way or another when they want to give a stimulus to their business. We shall be obliging them to a tremendous extent if we consent to make frights of ourselves by wearing full skirts measuring nine yards round the bottom.

•

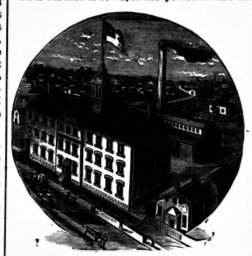
A new evening gown, just made, has a skirt of quite that width—indeed, it would almost need a hoop under it to make it sit properly. The dresses displayed are cut up, here and there, about the foot, and are much trimmed with lace or little quillings of colored silk. But of course such dresses are not by any means first-class novelties. One of the prettiest evening gowns I have seen so far—I think the very prettiest—was of pale, soft pink brocade, with elbow sleeves of green blue shot velvet, and a deep belt of the same drawn through a buckle in front, the short ends of the velvet being allowed to fall or stand instead of being fastened down primly.

•

The gentlemen who take the front seats at the opera will have to beware of Mr. Neil C. Love, the Yonge street druggist, who is after them with a wonderful hair restorative, warranted to adorn that bright and shining place, where there is neither dyeing nor parting, with its proper hirsute covering. I know what anxiety and trouble the newly-bald take to hand their side curls over their bare craniums and make guys of themselves by so doing. Perhaps they will be glad to know about Capilline and the wonders its vendors claim it can perform.

•

A great place to buy Christmas presents is the Toronto Silver Plate Co.'s showrooms on King street west. Space fails me to enumerate the various quaint and pretty nick-nacks which are there displayed, but just take a trolley car and see for yourself what one of the jolliest Santa Clauses in town, in the person of Mr. Ed



TORONTO SILVER PLATE COMPANY'S SHOWROOMS

Goodeham, can show you. And if you don't feel like buying new articles, take your silver-plated things out and get them done over. I have just received a letter from the West, in which the house-mother says, "My salver is lovely; if it is not too expensive I'll have a lot more done." LA MODE.

Individualities.

John Jacob Astor is coming out as a journalist, and if you want to know what a many times millionaire can do in the way of writing, you should read the *Rider and Driver*. In this *fin de siecle*, journalism is actually getting respectable.

Miss Kate Marsden is coming to America to raise money for founding leper colonies in Siberia. She is a noble woman who has done noble work. If she manages to raise enough of what her countrymen call "oof," why should she not start leper colonies in our "400's"? They need them badly.

Thomas Hardy, the author of Far From the Madding Crowd and Tess of the D'Urbervilles, has recently been sick nigh unto death. For two days all hope of his recovery was given up, but he suddenly rallied, and is now on the way to health. It is hardly likely, however, that he will be able to do any work this winter.

Alwyn Maude, the husband of the lady who committed suicide in London owing to the disgrace brought upon her by her daughter being placed in the prisoner's dock on a charge of theft, once lived in this country. His father, Colonel Maude, is an old and trusted servant of Queen Victoria, whose chief equerry he is.

If Mr. George Grossmith is not careful he will die a millionaire, and his fortune will be reckoned in seven figures all in a row. He draws immense houses wherever he goes, and the great dollar crop of the United States still remains to be gathered, for he is at present in New York, delighting society circles and is feted by the opulent, who delight in drawing-room entertainments.

George III.'s granddaughter, the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, is a sprightly old lady who was born in 1822. She is very stout, but when she is wintering at Cannes she insists upon playing lawn tennis every afternoon. The worst of her hobby is that she expects the best players, such as the Renshaws, to join her game. This, as one may well imagine, they do not relish, notwithstanding the honor.

Lady Blandford, who divorced the late Duke of Marlborough, will, it is reported, receive the strawberry leaves from her sovereign. This would be a terrible snub for the "American Duchess," as wife No. 1 would then take precedence of wife No. 2; though, as they would never be likely to meet, that would not much matter. But if the Queen did such a thing it would seriously affect the present Duchess's position in English society.

M. Marius, who is now playing with Mrs. Bernard-Beere in this country, had a theatrical engagement in London when the Franco-Prussian war broke out. He at once threw it up in order to fight for his country and was in Paris during the siege. He later helped to put down the Commune at Marseilles, and served in Algeria and Corsica, where he got his discharge and returned to England. He was once the husband of Florence St. John.

Mrs. Hetty Green, the richest woman in America—her fortune is estimated at $40,000,000—in spite of the fact that she lived in Salem when Nathaniel Hawthorne was collector of that port, does not remember her father, who was a rich merchant, ever having known a man of that name. But then, although she lived in the same house as Lady Franklin, she can tell nothing interesting about her. Go down to strict business and she can say lots.

Mrs. Langtry, having made a success of the turf—who knows but she may win the Derby next year!—has gone in for yachting. She has bought the steam yacht Lady Mabel from Lord Ashburton. It is quite the proper thing in England for a woman to be able to handle a yacht. Mrs. Henn, the wife of the owner of the Galatea, once went to Nice where the yacht was laid up, superintended its fitting out, hired a crew, and then telegraphed to Lieutenant Henn that all was ready for a cruise.

Forty-seven years ago—viz., on August 9, 1845—Her Majesty went in state to the House of Lords to prorogue Parliament in person. The Crown was carried on a velvet cushion by the late Duke of Argyll, at that time Lord High Steward. As the Duke was receding from the dais after the ceremony, he forgot the two steps behind him by which the throne was raised from the ground, and when he reached them, stumbled, so that the Crown fell from its cushion on to the ground, and several of the stones dropped out. The Queen very graciously expressed her hopes that the venerable Duke was not hurt, and begged him not to be troubled about the mishap.

Count George Karolyi, son of the rich Hungarian magnate, Count Pista Karolyi, after having married the actress Berlaka Frank, was obliged to fly from parental wrath, and went to America, where he became landlord of an inn at San Francisco; his secretary of the hotel is Cavalier Ladislao de Szogyeny, while the door porter is Count Logothetti. At present, it is said that the old Count Pista Karolyi has written to his son forgiving him his unequal marriage, particularly as a baby has been born to his son and heir. The old Count's pardon was accompanied by the gift of the magnificent estate of Janova, in Southern Hungary. However, the innkeeping Count declares that he finds himself remarkably well where he is, and that he has no desire whatever to return to Hungary.

The Archduke Joseph of Austria had an amusing adventure lately, which has caused much merriment in the Court circles of the Austrian capital. His Highness saw a peasant in great difficulties with one of his chickens; the bird ran cackling in one direction and the owner pursued it with vain adjurations, just as the Prince chanced to walk up in another. Seeing the man's difficulties, Don Joseph of Hapsburg joined the chase, and caught the fugitive with his own Imperial hands. The delighted owner not only thanked him heartily, but pressed on the Archduke's acceptance twenty kreutzers, which he accepted, and proudly displays to his illustrious family as a proof that even a Hapsburg can earn an honest penny, at a pinch, like other mortals!

The goat presented by the Queen to the 2nd Royal Welsh Fusiliers began its career by highly insubordinate conduct. Last week, on occasion of its first parade, Billy flatly declined to march with the band, "went for" the drum-major and butted him, and then turned with hostile intent upon the "goat-major." This official he butted with such energy as to lay him sprawling on the parade ground! So an officer, seeing that Billy was in a state of sheer mutiny, ordered him to be placed in solitary confinement in the stables, where he will be kept a prisoner until he learns to obey the word of command. He is a very fine animal of his kind, and already a great favorite with the regiment, and his rebellious conduct has caused much amusement, not only to the soldiers but to the august donor at Balmoral, who laughed heartily when she heard of it.

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Child's Felt Slippers, 15c.
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Women's Felt Slippers, 50c.
Women's Fine Felt Slippers, with Lamb's Wool Linings, $1, $1.15.
Women's Felt Sock-kins, Fancy Tops, $1.
Baby's Felt Shoes, Fancy Tops, very cute, 50c.

We want to put in an extra spoke for men's slippers. There's a large range, and with velvet slippers at 65c, 75c., plush slippers $1, dongolas $1.25, you'll admit prices are low.

Men's English Overgaiters, $1 25, worth $1.75 and $2, a special opportunity.

In men's boots and shoes of all kinds the stock is complete. A line of men's solid leather Congress boots, sewed, at $1.50, is causing talk among the men folk.

Child's Red Shoes, Calf, 4 to 8½, $1.25, 9 to 12½, $1.40.
Ladies' Over Gaiters, all colors, 65c., 75c., $1, $1 25.

You're foolish to go with damp feet when ladies' rubbers, American goods, can be had for 25c. a pair.

Ladies' Oil Pebble Boots, $1. 25.
Ladies' Dongolas, $1 40.
Order anything by letter.

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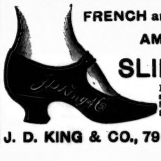

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Thanksgiving is over. This means that Christmas, too, will soon be here, but it means much more than this. It means that every day from now on to that greatest event of the year both our stores will be filled with the finest goods at the most astonishingly close prices. To see read the following quotations:

Copper-bottom tea-kettles, No. 9, 50c.; No. 8, 45c; splendid, well made copper bottom No. 8 boiler, 95c., regular price $1 75. Elegantly painted and gold banded, strongly made coal scuttles, medium size, 19c; large, 24c.; large, with funnel, 33c. Stove boards, 24c.

The Comet flour sifter, only 14c. Mrs. Potts' best polished irons, 69c.

Eddy's best tube, three sizes, 55c., 64c. and 74c., worth 75c., $1, and $1.25.

Wooden bowls, 8c., 10c., 15c., etc., up to 45c. for a very large one.

Eddy's celebrated matches, 10c. per box; parlor, 2c. boxes for 5c.

A Royal Canadian or Royal Dominion clothes wringer, fully warranted, only $2.69; three string brooms, 5c; 6 green broom (corn), 15c; 6 oz. clothes pins, 5c.

Baby's own soap, 10c. per cake; Fatherland boxes, 3 cakes 10c.; Gem bouquet, 5c.; Castile, 4c. cake; Wolfe's acme shoe polish, 10c.

Finely cloth bound books of the works of all the great authors, 19c.; paper covered books, 5c. and 7c.; Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, $1.25.

Note paper, 7c. for 24 sheets; good square envelopes, 4c. per package.

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W. H. BENTLEY

BARBOUR'S
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UNEQUALLED FOR ALL PURPOSES

Awaited in Vain.

The illustration on our first page this week is a reproduction of Ernest Thompson's large oil painting which has been on exhibition at the rooms of J. E. Ellis & Co., King street, for some time. The subject is not a pleasant one, but the artist's daring undertaking is carried through with rare skill. The life and attention of the several wolves in their several attitudes is admirable. In the distant cabin a light burns, and it is supposed that the peasant's wife has called anxiously across the fields of snow for her husband, the wolves have pricked their ears at the sound of a human voice, all but one or two, still engaged upon the stripped remains of the peasant, who in yonder cabin is Awaited in Vain. This picture has been viewed by thousands since being placed on exhibition, and no picture has for a long time aroused such an amount of discussion.

Social and Personal.

Miss Estelle Morton gave a delightful dance at her pretty home on Grosvenor street, on Friday evening, December 9, which was greatly enjoyed by about forty friends of the fair young hostess. Miss Morton was attired in a very becoming costume of pale blue trimmed with silver, and was assisted in receiving her guests by Mrs. J. H. Walker. The whole of the first floor was utilized for dancing—the music being stationed in the hall—and a very dainty supper was served upstairs. The number of strikingly pretty costumes worn by the ladies on this occasion was commented upon. Among those present were the following: Mrs. J. H. Walker, in white silk with pink trimmings; Mrs. A. R. Walker, old blue cashmere and velvet; Mrs. H. D. Brown, gray surah and pearl trimmings; Miss Christie, cream cashmere; Miss Shaw, nile green silk with marguerites; Miss Temple, cream silk; Miss Ellis, white silk; Miss M. Ross, white silk empire gown; Miss Ida Hughes, gray and cardinal; Miss Parsons, black and yellow; Miss Grant, cream, vallenciennes lace; Miss Haldane, yellow; Miss McKenzie, pink. Messrs. H. D. Brown, McCuaig, Sanson, Horrocks, Baird, Kennedy of Winnipeg, G. Hart, Cornell, Wilkinson, Taylor, Easton and Dr. Parker.

•

Mrs. Fred Gillespie of Spadina avenue gave a young people's tea on Tuesday afternoon last, which was largely attended.

•

Dr. E. Herbert Adams gave a lecture on Personal Hygiene on Friday last to the members of the gymnasium of the Y. M. C. A.

•

Miss A. Howland of Queen's Park gave a young people's tea on Thursday afternoon last, which was a very enjoyable event in every way. Misses Gzowski, Mulock and Nellie Parsons assisted the fair hostess in doing the honors during the afternoon. Many society people were present. Among the guests I noticed: Miss Kirkpatrick of Government House, Miss Mortimer Clarke, Miss Hoskins and Misses Drayton, Wise, Lockhart and Parsons. The male sex were there also in goodly numbers, amongst others Messrs. Harry Jones, Ketchum, Buchanan, Evans and Hoskins. About one hundred people in all enjoyed Miss Howland's hospitality on this occasion.

•

Miss Tessie McGann, daughter of Capt. John McGann of the Esplanade, has just returned from a three months' visit in New York. Miss McGann was the guest of Miss Emma Brophy of 840 Lafayette avenue, Brooklyn. Miss Brophy last Monday evening gave a party in honor of her guest, in which many prominent people participated.

•

Miss Edna Lee gave a very pleasant card party at her home on Jarvis street last Monday evening.

•

Miss Violet Gooderham of Waveney, Bloor street west, gave a lovely young people's dance last Saturday evening. Among the guests I remarked: The Misses Mabel and Lillie Smart, Mrs. Albert Gooderham, Miss Robinson, Mrs. Brouse, Misses Palmer, Gould, McMurray, Botsford, McArthur, Madge Gooderham, Brouse, Aileen Gooderham, Lee, Emma Lee, Beatty, Miall, Lulu Gooderham, Nora Eby, Munroe, and Messrs. Stovel, Wyatt, C. Beatty, Lorne Cosby, D. Smith, Jack Gilmour, W. Hargraft, C. Lee, Temple, Boyes and McMurray.

•

Cards are out for Miss Kate Crawford's dance on December 21.

•

Mrs. Cawthra entertained at dinner recently his Honor Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Bishop and Mrs. Sweatman, Mr. Justice and Mrs. MacMahon, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Geo. T. Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Cockburn, Major and Mrs. Cosby, Mrs. Dobell, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Cameron, Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Brock, Mrs. FitzGibbon, Mr. J. Small, and Mr. Oliver Howland.

•

Miss Lester of 90 Hazelton avenue is visiting her aunt, Mrs. J. Harvey Spencer, Ottawa.

•

The opening At Home of the Carnation Social Club was held at Mrs. Barnes', 12 Grosvenor street, on Friday, December 2, and was a very enjoyable and successful affair. Over thirty-five couples were present. Good music and a jolly crowd made a pleasant evening seem short.

•

Mrs. Robinson Pirie, of 63 Isabella street, gave a lovely evening on Thursday of last week, which was largely attended. Among her guests were: The Misses Vic Shepherd, Jennie Cunningham, Flo Charters, Carrie Brown, Nellie Whyte, Ida Taylor, Maggie Macfarlane, Tillie Macfarlane, Pirie, Gussie Bennett, Tillie Bennett, Birdie Macmaran, Mayme Dawson, Reina Hedley, Ella Allison, Mrs. D. G. Booth, and Messrs. H. Coates, W. Mackenzie, F. Whatmough, Barber, A. Pirie, of Dundas, W. Booth, J. Mathers, J. Pirie, S. Johnston, H. Scott, Whyte, F. Wells, T. Lucas, A. G. Booth, W. Hughes, M. G. Sharkie.

•

Miss Hill of 148 Carlton street gave a most enjoyable tea to some of her many friends on Wednesday. Among those present I remarked: Mrs. Proctor, Miss Riordan, Miss Dunn of Vancouver, Miss Haight, the Misses Proudfoot, Mrs. Pingle, Mrs. A. Denison, Miss Snively, Miss A. Mason, Miss Lizars of Stratford, Miss McLaren of Ottawa, the Misses Gooderham, Miss Foot, Mrs. Riordan, Mrs. Charles Riordan, Mrs. Stevenson, Mrs. Robertson, Mrs. Grantham, Miss Shanklin, Mrs. Douglas, Mrs. Clarkson, Mrs. and Miss Holmstead, Mrs. Stuart, Mrs. James Plummer, Miss Gibson, Mrs. and Miss Chadwick, Mrs. McCallum, Mrs. and Miss Miller, Miss Jaques, Mrs. Lillie, Miss Porter, Miss Julia Jarvis, Mrs. Fisher, Miss Woodbridge and Miss Carrie Sanders.

•

The marriage of Miss S. Herbert Mason and Mr. Marani will take place on the 29th of this month.

•

Mr. Williams and Miss Lizzie MacMahon will be married on the day after Christmas. I am told this is to be a very quiet wedding.

•

Mrs. S. Frank Wilson's reception on Saturday was a most delightful event, and was, as I remarked last week I expected, a very large and stylish affair. Mrs. Wilson is one of the most genial hostesses in Toronto, and spares neither art nor care to ensure the enjoyment of her guests. Neapolitano's orchestra played delightfully, and dancing was indulged in by a goodly number of those light-footed folk to whom a waltz never comes amiss. Miss Duncan, who assisted Mrs. Wilson in receiving, and who is a guest of that lady, wore a pretty navy blue velvet and figured silk gown. Mrs. Wilson wore a black lace and silk gown, and carried a large black ostrich feather fan. Among the crowds of chattering, smiling visitors I remarked: Chevalier, Mrs. and the Misses Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Reid, Mr. Jack and Miss Reid, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Wellington, Principal and Mrs. Dickson, Dean Baker, Mr. Ernest Thompson, Miss May Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Neville, Miss Ellis, Mr. Mason, Miss Brown, Mr. Rowan and M. Palabot.

•

The French Club met on Saturday at the Presbyterian Ladies' College on the invitation of Miss Baker, who is a valued member of the club and one of the staff of the college. Dr. and Mrs. McIntyre, the principal and his amiable wife, received the club most kindly. As the young ladies were absent at a concert and elsewhere, a tour of inspection was permitted, and the cosy quarters of the budding belles and professors (?) were duly invaded. They were the prettiest little nests imaginable, and every corner of the fine, big college seems thoroughly equipped. Mr. Coulthard, who has been very good to the club in this respect, sang several songs most delightfully. Miss Edith Miller, who had been playing at Mr. Fisher's concert, came in late and added to the interest of the meeting by some lovely songs, sung in a deep, sweet contralto, which moved to envy many an ungifted owl. M. Palabot also contributed a very spirited recitation in his own inimitable way. The club met last night at the residence of Mrs. Wilson, 79 Pembroke street.

•

Mr. Fred Brown of 308 Wellesley street, a recent graduate of the University, left on Monday to take a good post in a large establishment near Chicago.

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Mrs. E. Percy Beatty of 69 Lowther avenue is At Home to her friends this afternoon.

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Mrs. Henry Cawthra entertained a number of friends at dinner on Wednesday evening.

•

Miss May Hoskins gave a pretty tea on Saturday to a number of her young friends at her home on Heath street, Deer Park. The youthful hostess looked sweet and hospitable in a dainty little dress of white India silk, which admirably suited her. Mrs. Hoskins wore a becoming gown of dark terra cotta, with black lace, Mrs. Williamson, her mother, a rich striped silk. A very pleasant afternoon was spent by all in the handsome parlors of Fretherne, and Miss Hoskins' first tea was voted a charming success.

•

Mr. Edward Fisher's concert at Association Hall on Saturday for the pupils of the Conservatory and their friends was almost too largely attended, seats being at a premium by eight o'clock. Miss Edith Miller, who looked very pretty in a dainty flowered frock, played the opening number on the organ, and showed that her musical attainments reach to instrumental as well as vocal success. Mrs. Barr played a concerto of Beethoven in a delightfully faithful and finished manner, her pretty transparent white sleeves lending grace to what are often unattractive, a pianist's bare arms. Miss Littlehales, whose 'cello speaks wonderful things, was becomingly gowned in cream and white, with a deep red flower in her pretty hair. By the way, and *apropos* of nothing in particular, what handsome teachers these fortunate maidens and musicians have! Mr. Fisher was a picture of refinement and good looks as he carefully watched Mrs. Barr's playing. Signor D'Auria is bright and foreign and charming, and Mr. Dinelli, well, Mr. Dinelli is, I am told, a bachelor and had better not be spoiled by compliments. Miss Gaylord wore such a *chic* little gown of cream silk with *pouffs* of green velvet. Miss Hermenia Walker wore a stylish green and white gown; Miss Mary W. Pridham, a lovely shade of rose-pink with white Irish lace. Miss Eva May, who recited charmingly, wore a soft cream India silk, with elbow sleeves. There were several other pretty girls, Misses Theresa Hollert, Lena M. Hayes, Hortense Jones and Julia McBrien, as well as that very young and clever *frauleln*, Franziska Heinrich, who pleased the audience and did the professors credit, but whom, I regret, other engagements obliged me to leave unheard. The tone of the Knabe grand piano struck me as extremely fine, as I listened to Mrs. Barr's charming playing thereon.

•

Mrs. Dr. Richelieu of Virginia is spending a few weeks with her sister, Mrs. W. C. Crofton, of Gerrard street east.

•

Mrs. R. H. Tomlinson's dance on Friday evening, December 9, was largely attended. Excellent music was furnished and the dancing was much enjoyed. Among those present were: Misses Brodie, Bolster, Gooderham, Darby, Boyd, Morrison, Burns, Smith, Henwood, Douglas, Taylor, Lindsay, Trees, Davison, Cosby, Thomas, Lingham, Walton, and Messrs. Mitchell, W. W. Vickers, Willis, Darby, Burns, White, Bruce, Ball, Holcroft, Badenach, Brodie, Arnott, Keith and Boyes.

•

Another pleasant dance was given on Tuesday by Mrs. Mason of Harr Hall. A great many bright and happy faces were there among the crowds of guests. A feature of this dance was the presence of a number of lately married folk, among whom were Dr. and Mrs. Cowan, the bride in a very becoming black and pink gown; Dr. and Mrs. Hastings, Mrs. Hastings in a most becoming dress of delicate-tinted silk with soft feathery white trimmings; Mrs. J. McIntyre in her wedding gown of white bengaline with ostrich feather trimmings; Mrs. Webster in pearl gray; Mrs. Wilson, white satin with gold passementerie and gold-embroidered lisse; Mrs. Furness, orange and black striped satin; Miss Anderson of Ottawa, white silk and lace; Miss Barnett, yellow net; Miss Sweetie Cross, flame colored silk and coral ornaments; Miss Lottie Coleman, white *crepon* and antique lace; Miss Tremaine, old-rose silk and brocade; Mrs. Louis Howard, white ottoman cord and puffed sleeves of yellow velvet; the hostess, Mrs. Mason, wore black satin and jet; Miss Mason, a pale fawn satin; Miss T. Mason, white silk and gold braid; Miss B. Mason, ecru silk; Miss Wedd looked well in rose-pink and white lace; Miss Wise of Ottawa wore a pretty mauve gown; Miss Michie wore white silk; her sister, Miss E. Michie, pale blue and silver; Mrs. A. R. Pyne looked lovely in black and pink; Miss Sadie Byrne was very handsome in pink; Miss M. Lamport wore a white silk; Miss Annie Hutchins looked charming in white with yellow trimmings. Among the other guests I remarked: Misses Martin, E. McVittie, Fleming, Soutar, Cox, Powell, Parsons, Sloane, and Messrs. Houston, Wedd, Alf. Jones, Badgerow, Caston, Hunter, Lamport, Knight, Coulthard, Hewlett, Thompson, Bull, Hamilton, Harvey Willis, Howard, Evans, Reid, Knight, Fahey, McNair, Hutchinson, Drs. McArthur, Stacey and Oronhyatekha.

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The leading society event of the week was Mrs. Alexander Cameron's dance on Tuesday evening. The handsome residence was crowded with the youth and beauty of Toronto, who enjoyed one of the most lovely balls of a season which has so far been unusually bright. Mrs. Cameron received in the library, the dainty Louis XVI. *salons* and picture gallery being utilized for dancing. The orchestra were placed in the oak balcony at the east end of the picture gallery. Mrs. Cameron wore pink and gray brocade and looked, as she always does, handsome and gracious. Miss Richards, who has been for some time staying with Mrs. Cameron, was charmingly gowned in pink with *chiffon*. Some very lovely dresses were worn by the guests, among whom I remarked: Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Short of Kingston, who is visiting at Government House, Mr. and Miss Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. H. Cawthra, Miss Cawthra, Colonel and Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Major and Mrs. Arthur Harrison, Captain and Mrs. J. D. Hay, Mr. and the Misses Beatty, Mrs. and Miss Mulock, the Misses Boulton, Colonel, Mrs. and the Misses Pope, Mrs. and Miss Drayton, Mrs. and Miss Riordan, Miss Hagarty, the Misses Morphy, Miss McLean, Mr. Ernest Thompson, Miss Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Cameron, Miss Walker, Miss Arthurs, and Mr. and Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne. The supper table was most artistically decorated with green ribbons.

•

Miss Alice Fuller of College street gave a tea yesterday afternoon.

•

Mrs. Thom of Rosedale gives a tea this afternoon.

•

Mrs. Harold of Huron street gives a tea next Tuesday afternoon.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Macdonald have returned to their home on Wellington place.

•

The Toronto Sailing Skiff Club held a very pleasant progressive euchre party in their temporary club rooms at the foot of Sherbourne street on Saturday evening. A tasty supper was served, after which the prizes were distributed.

•

Mr. Walter McClive gave a tea in his rooms at the University Residence yesterday afternoon to a number of his young lady friends.

•

Mr. J. Macoun, late accountant of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, Stratford, has been transferred to the Toronto office. Mr. and Mrs. Macoun have taken up their residence at 45 Gloucester street.

•

The Knights of Pythias held a ball at Webb's last night.

•

The Canoe Club's annual dinner took place at Webb's on Thursday evening.

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Mrs. Hugh Macdonald's At Home on Saturday was crowded with guests, who were remarkably handsomely dressed. The house was beautifully decorated with palms, ferns and flowers, and a very tuneful orchestra played soft music in the entrance hall. Mrs. Macdonald received in the drawing-room, where the furnishings, in a warm tone of crimson, lent an air of delicious warmth and comfort to the spacious *salon*. Mrs. Macdonald was assisted by her daughter, Miss Bessie Macdonald. Among those present were: Lieutenant Governor, Mrs. and Miss Kirkpatrick, Major and Mrs. Cosby, Mrs. J. D. Hay, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Miss Cawthra, Mrs. G. T. Blackstock, Major and Mrs. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Donald McKay, Miss McKay, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Macdonald, the Misses Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. Cockburn, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hodgins, Dr. and Mrs. Cowan and the Misses Michie.

•

Mrs. Justice Burton of Oak Lodge, Wellington street west, is At Home to her friends this afternoon.

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Cards are out for a dance at Mrs. J. D. King's on Jarvis street, on December 29.

•

Mrs. Charles Gooderham of Sherbourne street gives a dance on Tuesday evening.

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The dance to have been given by Mrs. Christie and Miss Palmer, at 29 Queen's park, on December 29, is postponed to Tuesday, January 3.

•

Mrs. E. T. Carter and Mrs. J. B. Hall give a dance in St. George's Hall on December 30, from eight to twelve.

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A young people's party will be given this evening by Miss Madge Gooderham of 592 Sherbourne street.

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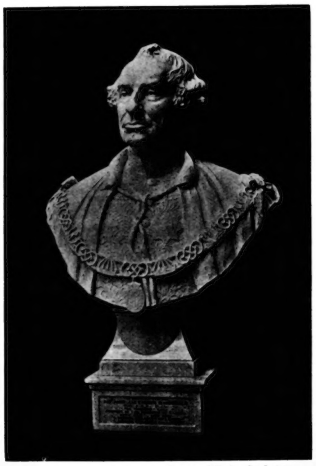
Mr. Brush, who has been the director and organizer in-chief of the Marriage Dramas, has proved himself a very Wellington in resource

Continued on Page Thirteen.



George Wade Sculptor.

The Memorial to the late Right Honorable Sir John Macdonald, in St. Paul's Cathedral, unveiled on November 16, 1892, by the Earl of Rosebery, K.G., in the presence of the Marquess of Ripon, Secretary of State for the Colonies; Sir John C. Abbott, Premier of Canada: the Right Hon. Edward Stanhope, M.P., President of the Imperial Federation League; the Hon. George Foster, Canadian Minister of Finance; the Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral; the Archdeacon of London; and a distinguished company.

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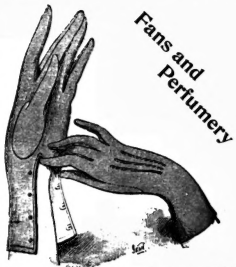

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Photograph Frames
Cigar Boxes and Smoking Sets
Tea Caddies
Ash Trays
Calendars
Match Boxes Library Sets
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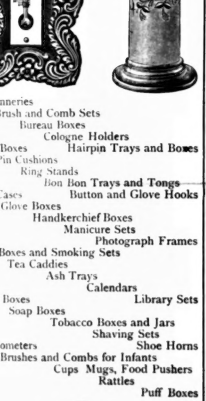

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Out of Town.

Hamilton.

Mrs. R. Hobson gave a very *recherche* dinner to a few friends last Tuesday evening. The guest of honor was Miss Wood, sister of Mrs. Hobson. The table was extremely artistic, white chrysanthemums predominating, with a graceful arrangement of yellow silk. Those who enjoyed this hospitality were: Miss Erie Turner, Miss Elma Wood, Miss Crerar, Miss Gertrude Glassco, Messrs. Leggat, Greening, Irome Hobson and Hillhouse Brown.

Miss Amy Rutherford returned to Toronto last week after having spent a few days in town, the guest of Miss Browne, Duke street.

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Brown were At Home on Thursday afternoon, when they welcomed a number of friends to meet Canon and Mrs. Wade. The cosy home looked most bright on this wintry afternoon and a pleasant hour or two was spent, the genial host and hostess making everyone thoroughly at home. Among the guests were: Mesdames Strathy, McLaren, Counsell, Parker, Holden, J. W. Gates, Jones, Powis, Hendrie, Gunn, Lucas, Martin, Morris, Sanford, Crerar, Barker, Misses Martin, Lucas, Howard, Gates, McLaren, Sanford, Dunlop, Hobson, J. Hobson, Gunn.

Misses Hendrie, Dunlop and Dewar attended the *poudre* ball given by Mrs. Bickford in Toronto on Tuesday evening.

Messrs. Macpherson and Kennedy left on Monday evening via New York for England, where they intend spending an English Christmas with their families. Mrs. Kennedy will return with her husband after Christmas.

Invitations are issued for another social function; this will be a joint ball given by Mrs. Turner and Mrs. Alexander Turner at Highfield, in honor of their daughters Miss Erie and Miss Mary Turner, on December 27. It promises to be a very brilliant affair.

Mr. Baldwin, of Toronto, was the guest of Mrs. Ridley, Main street, for a few days last week.

Mrs. Thompson, Argyle Terrace, entertained a few friends at tea on Wednesday, in honor of Mrs. Wade.

One of the jolliest dances given this year was that given by Mrs. Farmer, on Friday evening of last week. The residence was beautifully decorated with palms, and bunting and flags were artistically draped about the rooms. The floor was in excellent condition, and dancing lasted with vigor till the wee sma' hours. Mrs. Farmer wore a dainty gown of *eau de nil* silk and carried a beautiful bouquet of white hyacinths. Among those present were: Mesdames Jones, Walker, Logie, Thomson, Misses Briggs, F. Briggs, Jean and Agnes Hobson, Martin, Givens, Mackelcan, Grant, Gillard, Messrs. Gates, G. Gates, Moreton, Gillespie, Farmer, Powers, McKeand, Bruce, Jones, King, Domoelle, Ferrie and others.

Miss Holcroft of Ingersoll is the guest of Mrs. Bruce of Cotehele, Duke street.

Mrs. Hendrie of the Holmstead gave one of her charming luncheons on Thursday of last week. The table was simply a profusion of chrysanthemums and hyacinths, the effect being extremely dainty. Covers were laid for sixteen, among them being Mrs. Braithwaite, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Sanford, Mrs. Bankier, Mrs. Lucas, Mrs. Turnbull, Mrs. Leggat, Mrs. Gartshore and Mrs. Burton, Miss Sanford, Miss Lucas, Miss K. Leggat, Miss Gartshore.

The Agmoria Society give their annual sale of work and luncheon on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this week. As the proceeds are for the Y. W. C. A., it is to be hoped this noble work will reap a goodly sum.

Mr. W. A. and Mrs. Beddoe of New York are guests at the Royal Hotel for the winter.

Miss Ridley entertains a few friends at tea on Wednesday.

The Culprit Fay given in aid of the Boys' Home on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of last week was a charming success. Prof. and Mrs. Melville are to be congratulated on bringing forth so unique a production, the principals being: Mrs. Mackelcan, Miss Schumacher, Miss Irene Bastedo, Miss Ethel Kittson, Miss Agnes Dunlop, Miss Mabel Mills, Miss Annie Edwards, Master Herbert Footner and Master Chas. Bell. Its somewhat similar to A Midsummers Night's Dream, and the bright and pretty music, graceful dancing, from little tots of five years to stately maidens in their teens, excited much enthusiasm. Mesdames Leggat, Calder, Teetzel, Humphries, and Harcourt were on the committee of management, and in such hands a success was assured. I believe a handsome check will be presented to the Home of our boys.

Mrs. Alex. Ramsay is visiting friends in Chicago.

The Garrick Club have decided to give the opera of Priscilla, or the Puritan Maid, in aid of the Police Fund. The music is exceedingly pretty, and among the soloists will be Mrs. Mackelcan, Mrs. Leach, Miss Schumacher, Mr. T. D. Beddoe, Mr. J. H. Stuart. With such talent we may expect a great musical treat.

We are glad to welcome Mr. W. A. Spratt as a convalescent after his tedious accident. Although on crutches, he is as bright as ever and will very soon abolish this mode of progression. SYLVIA.

Belleville.

The Junior Pedro Club was very hospitably entertained on Monday evening by Miss Tillie Carman at her home on Dundas street. The palatial residence was handsomely decorated with flowers and colored lights, while the driveways and piazzas were brilliantly lighted with Chinese lanterns. Miss Carman, owing to her sweetness and kindness of disposition, is popular with the junior members of society and as she bade farewell to her guests on Monday evening many were the wishes that she would soon repeat her kind invitation. Among those present were: Misses Barker, Mabel Burdette, Bessie Stinson, Maude Hamilton, Helen Kelso, Tillie Corby, Mabel Walker, May Clarke, Hilda Frost, Maude Wilson, and Messrs. Laidlaw, Dupuis, Armstrong, Moore, Jellett, Hulme, Stewart, Thomas, Bowell and Ponton.

Miss Davy of Alexander street will entertain the Senior Euchre Club on Thursday evening.

Mr. W. W. Power, manager of the opera house, deserves the gratitude of Belleville theater goers for the treat which he afforded them on Wednesday evening in the presentation of the operatic drama, Rob Roy, or Auld Lang Syne. The singing on the whole was very artistic, but particular mention should be made of Miss St. John and Mr. Danville, who were compelled to respond to several encores. The house was filled with the *elite* of the city, among whom I noticed: Mr., Mrs. and Miss Carman, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Corby, Mr. and Mrs. Wills, Miss Stella Taylor, Miss Hamilton, Miss Barker, Mr. Dupuis, Mr. Parker Thomas, Miss Hawthorne, Dr. and Miss Dolan, Mr. Arthur Porter, Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins, Mr. McCaulay and the Misses Tammadge. Several pretty costumes were worn, but Miss Barker's pink silk gown, Miss Hamilton's black velvet, Miss Tammadge's pink silk and Miss Aggie Tammadge's cream bengaline with pretty opera cloak of white and gold, were particularly lovely.

The many friends of Mr. Morphy will regret to hear of his removal to Dominion, Que., but will be pleased to learn that he has been promoted to a much more responsible and lucrative position than the one which he held in this city. During his stay here he made many friends, and his pleasant word and kindly smile will be greatly missed from many a social gathering during the remainder of the season, but much as his absence will be regretted by his personal friends, yet his loss will be still more keenly felt by the poor and friendless of the city, to whom his purse was ever open and for whom his attention and charity were boundless.

Mr. J. Cooley of Trenton was in the city during the week, the guest of Mr. Thos. Power.

Mrs. Lafferty of Stirling and Mr. McFarlane of Montreal visited relatives in the city during the past week.

Mr. C. E. Lyons, barrister, returned from Bancroft last week.

His Grace Archbishop Cleary has been the guest of Rt. Rev. Mgr. Fanally during the past week, and while here favored St. Michael's congregation with a very eloquent discourse on The Way of the Cross. BETSEY.

Brantford.

Mrs. Frank Ott gave a very pleasant At Home last Wednesday at her charming residence, Brant avenue. Among the many guests were: Mrs. (Dr.) Stanley, Mrs. Hart, Mrs. John Agnew, Mrs. Harry Harris, Mrs. John Harris, Mrs. Oldham, Mrs. Yeigh, Mrs. Hay, Toronto, Mrs. John Ott, Miss Forde, the Misses Woodyatt, the Misses Simmons, and Miss Welding.

A number of Brantfordites attended the Simcoe ball last Tuesday evening, and judging from reports the bachelors of Simcoe spared neither time nor money in making the ball a complete success. Why don't the gentlemen here make up and give one of their successful balls in January?

Miss Carnegie, who has been the guest of Miss R. Hossie for the past few days, has returned to her home in London. This charming young lady has won numerous friends in our city, and it is hoped that she will return for a more lengthy visit in the near future.

Miss Eccleston, Toronto, is the guest of Mrs. R. J. Smith.

The many friends of Miss Edith King are pleased to notice that she has entirely recovered from a severe illness. SAILOR.

Mrs. J. W. Digby's progressive euchre party on Wednesday evening of last week was one of the pleasantest of the season. Mrs. Digby is always a charming hostess and the genial doctor is "host" in himself. The prizes were unusually handsome, the winners being Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Temple and Miss Greer, and Messrs. Stikeman, Nelles and E. Whitehead. Among those present I noticed: Mrs. Byrne, Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Buck, Mrs. Hardy, Mr. and Mrs. E. Henwood, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Nelles, Mr. and Mrs. Temple, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Watts, Mr. and Mrs. T. Harry Whitehead, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Wilkes, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Wilkes, Mr. and Mrs. H. McK. Wilson, Misses Curtis, Brown, Mackenzie, Christie, Philip, Nelles, Barnard of Owen Sound, Griffin, Pyke, McLelland, Greer, Roberts of Toronto, Dr. A. J. Henwood, Dr. Philip, Messrs. Curtis, Brown, Muir, Thompson, E. Whitehead, Morton, Stikeman, Reville, Smith, Muirhead, Hayecock, Hazen, Henry.

Mrs. Andrew Muirhead gave a most delightful afternoon tea on Thursday afternoon of last week in honor of her guest, Miss Barnard of Owen Sound. In spite of the inclement weather many ladies found their way thither. Among those present I noticed: Mesdames F. J. Bishop, Bunnell, A. Bunnell, F. Cockshutt, Gibson, W. S. Jones, Charles Nelles, Robertson, Stratford, Temple, Van Allen, Wallace, J. Watt, J. E. Waterous, T. H. Whitehead, A. J. Wilkes, F. T. Wilkes, W. A. Wilkes, Wilson, Misses Muirhead, Greer, Goodson, Nelles of Hamilton, Nye. Mrs. Muirhead was assisted by Mrs. Temple, Miss Greer and Miss B. Goodson.

On Thursday evening of last week a most enjoyable organ recital was given in the Congregational church by Mr. G. H. Fairclough. It was probably Mr. Fairclough's last appearance in this city before his visit to Germany, and his many friends were eager to hear some music from the grand organ before his departure. They were delighted, for the organist was in good form and excelled himself. Miss Pauline Johnson gave several recitations during the evening. Miss Johnson improves in her style at every appearance. She seemed more at home than ever before and threw herself into her poems as only the author can, with the result that her many friends are more than ever convinced that there is a great future for her. Mr. Chris. Rush of Paris contributed largely to the enjoyment of the large audience by several beautifully executed violin solos.

Mrs. W. T. Paterson entertained a few friends on Tuesday evening—progressive euchre.

Capt. Harry Leonard, who has been suffering from quinsy for some time, is about once more.

Latest news from Mr. and Mrs. Harry Yates and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert R. Yates reports the party enjoying lovely weather in the Bermudas.

Miss Bernard, who has been the guest of Mrs. Andrew Muirhead for the past week, has returned to Owen Sound.

A largely signed request was forwarded Mr. J. K. Osborne last week, asking that gentleman to name a date on which he would accept a banquet from his many friends here. Mr. Osborne's removal to Toronto has left a blank which none can fill and which time alone will partially efface. Mr. Osborne has signified his willingness to accept the proposed banquet, and suggested any evening next week as suitable to him.

Hon. Arthur S. Hardy spent Sunday at home in this city. Mrs. Hardy's many friends are delighted to see her able to be out again. Mrs. Hardy has been a great sufferer for many months and her recovery will please not only Brantfordites, but her friends in Toronto as well.

The Whist Club met on Friday evening at the residence of Mrs. Cummings Nelles.

At last there is a probability of the Dufferin Rifles getting a drill hall. This will prove a boon, not only to the regiment, but also to the citizens at large, as Brantford is sadly deficient in public halls suitable for promenade concerts, mass meetings, or such large gatherings.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Slater left this week for England and will in future reside there. Mrs. Slater has made many friends during her stay in this country, and Mr. Slater will be greatly missed, particularly among the Masonic brotherhood, of which he is a P.M.

Miss Wye leaves shortly to visit her sister, Mrs. Bennett, in New York.

Mrs. Robt. Henry, who has been laid up for a week past, is improving.

Lieut-Colonel Jones spent last Sunday in the city. The colonel's home is now in Toronto but his heart is still with the Dufferin Rifles, and he is working hard for the new drill hall.

Mr. Lord T. Whitehead has been confined to bed for several weeks with inflammation of the lungs. He is improving.

A thimble party attracted a large number of the friends of Mrs. Frank J. Bishop, Palace street, on Friday afternoon. The daylight, like the "bold, bad man," was excluded, and Mrs. Bishop's parlors looked lovely with the many-colored lights shed through pretty, soft shades. The thimbles were there, and at least some of them were kept busy—for awhile. It proved a most enjoyable afternoon. Among those present were: Mesdames W. D. Jones, T. H. Whitehead, A. E. Watts, Misses Nelles, Brown, Haycock, Burwell, N. Crompton, Leonard, McLellan, Brock, Gibson, Greer.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry made a flying visit to New York this week. AUDREY.

Stratford.

Miss Small, Wellington street, received a number of her friends, on Friday evening, and a very pleasant time was spent.

Cards are out for the wedding of Mr. Hendry to Miss Sarah Baker. The blissful event will take place at 5 o'clock on the evening of Wednesday, December 21.

The Scottish drama, Rob Roy, was played in the city hall on Wednesday evening, December 14.

The C. M. Church folk held their annual tea in the basement of the church on Friday evening last, and a large number tasted of the savory viands.

Mr. Holmes treated his hearers to a sermon *a la* Galbraith Sabbath evening, which was listened to with the interest that his sermons usually are.

Messrs. Call and Macklin are at work on a novel in which they endeavor to show the connection between the ancient Aztec race of America and the Book of Genesis. It will be published in the near future and is to be illustrated by a local artist.

Mr. W. J. Fresland was presented with a very handsomely engrossed address, setting forth the regrets of the choir of Knox church, on the eve of his severing his connection from that body as musical director.

A meeting was held in the office of Architect Baxter on Tuesday evening and an attempt was made to form a society among local scientists to be called the Lyceum.

St. Catharines.

Mrs. Sylvester Neelon gave a very large At Home, from four till seven, on Thursday Dec. 1. The house was brilliantly lighted, and in one large room were arranged little tables holding from four to six, at which the most dainty refreshments were served by the following ladies: Mrs. W. T. Benson, Misses Currie, Nelles, Eccles, Merritt, St. John and Larkin. Among those present were: Mrs. Haynes, Mrs. Senkler, Mrs. Mack, Mrs. T. L. Helliwell, Mrs. J. Taylor, Mrs. H. Taylor, Mrs. H. Miller, Mrs. Clench, Mrs. Binby, Miss Binby, Mrs. J. P. Merritt, Mrs. T. R. Merritt, Mrs. Arnold, Mrs. S. D. Woodruff, Mrs. Leslie, Mrs. Hunt, Mrs. Armitage, Mrs E. Neelon, Mrs. M. Neelon, Mrs. Cox, Mrs. McClive, Mrs. J. O. Miller, Mrs. Cross, Mrs. J. T. Groves, Mrs. W. D. Woodruff, Mrs A. S. Woodruff, Mrs. Hamilton Merritt, Mrs. H. Carlisle, Mrs. H. Ingersoll, the Misses Bate, Misses Fenton, Misses Mack, Misses Larkin, Miss Ingersoll, Miss Smith, Miss E. Woodruff, Miss B. Clark, Miss I. Woodruff, Miss Merritt, Miss Coy, Miss Yale, and others.

The third reception of the Fortnightly Club was given by Miss Bessie McLaren at her residence, Bleak House, on Thursday evening, December 8. A most enjoyable evening was spent in dancing, which lasted until the early hours of the morning. Those present were: The Misses Larkin, the Misses Fenton, the Misses Mack, Miss E. Bate, Miss King, Miss Helen Merritt, Miss Annie Benson, Miss Margaret Dawson, Miss Marian Coy, Miss Nay, Miss Shaw, Miss E. Woodruff, Miss St. John, Miss Ida Woodruff, Miss C. Chaplin, Miss F. Maguire, Miss McIntosh, Miss C. Holmes and Miss E. McCallum; Messrs. Crombie, Price, Woodruff, Shaw, Lampman, Jemmett, Petrie, Symes, H. Senkler, Campbell, Bate, Ramage, Chaplin, Moore, Coy, Macdonald, Nay, Boyle, Chatterton, Merritt, Clark, Marquis, McClean, Stuart, White, Helliwell, Bixby, Kilgour and others.

Mr. Harold Senkler, who is attending Osgoode Hall, Toronto, has returned home for a few weeks.

Mrs. J. C. Rykert gave a small dance for her niece, Miss Edna Roblin, on Friday, December 9. Among those present were: Miss Gussie Helliwell, Miss Carola Brown, Miss Helen Merritt, Miss Locke, Miss Lampman, Miss A. Benson, Miss B. McLaren, Miss McIntosh, Miss N. King, Miss Jones, the Misses Cross, and Messrs. King, Campbell, Unlacke, Gooderham, Gzowski, Hazard, Carr, Ellwood, Boulton, Allan, Cartwright, Hamilton, Brown, Locke and Benson. CHAT.

That they handle the best of everything has become a world-wide fact, but that they have the power to make your jewelery or your watch as good as new is not so generally known. However, send to Frank S. Taggart & Co., 89 King street west, and you will become convinced that it is so.

Repairs thoroughly done on a watch will last as long as new work. If, therefore, your watch shows a tendency to go wrong don't wait, but send it at once to Frank S. Taggart & Co., 89 King street west, Toronto.

There's money in it. There's fame in it. In what? In doing whatever you undertake thoroughly. Consequently if you take your watch or jewelery to Frank S. Taggart & Co., 89 King street west, for repair you will have an article that repaired is better than when the maker turned it out.

Christmas and New Year's are approaching. You will be wanting to make somebody a present. Why not, therefore, leave your orders at once with Frank S. Taggart & Co., 89 King street west, Toronto?

"My watch cost me a hundred dollars," said a merchant the other day, "but I couldn't get it to go right. I exchanged it for a cheaper, and it seems a better one." "I bought your old watch," said a friend, "and it goes splendidly. It only needed the cleaning that Frank S. Taggart & Co., 89 King street west, gave it for me."

"Spring me no springs," but take your watch if it doesn't go exactly right to Frank S. Taggart & Co., 89 King street west, Toronto.

Frank S. Taggart & Co., 89 King street west, will repair your jewelery and make a specialty of cleaning and repairing watches. Don't wait, but send to them at once.

Time is money and a good watch is time. You miss one, you miss the other. Therefore send your watch for repair to Frank S. Taggart & Co., 89 King street west, Toronto, forthwith if there is anything wrong.

It is marvelous how much the loss of a minute may cost you. Therefore if your watch goes wrong don't delay, but take it or send it at once to Frank S. Taggart & Co., 89 King street west, Toronto.

A watch, like a house, can always be repaired. But unlike a house, the repairing, if properly done, will make it better than ever it was. Take your watch to Frank S. Taggart & Co., 89 King street west, Toronto, and try.

Your watch goes wrong! Perhaps it is only a little dust in the most delicate part of the machinery. Take it or send it to Frank S. Taggart & Co., 89 King street west, and see.

What did you say? Your watch looses some seconds every day. There is something wrong. Send it or take it to Frank S. Taggart & Co., 89 King street west, without delay and have it attended to.

Delays are dangerous. They become worse by continuation, especially in the case of a watch that develops ever so slight a tendency to be erratic. Send at once to Frank S. Taggart & Co., 89 King street west, Toronto.

The adage tells us that for the want of a horseshoe nail a battle was lost. For the want of attention at the proper moment many a costly watch has been lost. If there is anything ever so slight the matter with your watch take it once to Frank S. Taggart & Co., 89 King street west, Toronto.

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Under the Great Seal

A NOVEL

By JOSEPH HATTON

Author of "Clytie," "By Order of the Czar," "John Needham's Double," "Cruel London," Etc.

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SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I. AND II.

The story opens in Newfoundland about the time of the American War of Independence, at which period the island was under the despotism of whatever fishing captain could first anchor on the coast in the spring. That seaman became admiral for the season, and his authority over the few inhabitants of the island was often made harsh and oppressive. Not even a cabin could be erected without his permission and all attempts to colonize the island were forbidden, it being a determined purpose to reserve the island as a fishing ground. David Plympton, the master of Heart's Delight, a small fishing village, has a daughter Hannah, beloved by Alan Keith, a young estimable fisherman. She is also loved by a whining hypocrite named Bentz, but her father, when he speaks to him, threatens to bait the well traps with his carcass if he speaks of it. Alan's suit is more favorably received, and as he is proposing for her hand to her father she herself approaches. The interview has been witnessed by Bentz, who creeps stealthily away.

CHAPTERS III. AND IV.

Alan Keith and Hannah Plympton have been married a year, and a child has been born to add to the happiness of Heart's Delight. Father Lavello, the priest in charge of the station, hears occasionally of the mischief brewing between the American colony and the Government of King George of England, and one day the serenity of Heart's Delight is ruffled by the arrival of Admiral Ristack and Vice-Admiral Ruddock with their men. They bring orders under the great seal for the inhabitants of Heart's Delight to destroy their buildings and to cease cultivation of the land, twenty-four hours being given them to remove their household goods prior to the destruction. Alan Keith indignantly defies the visitors, but at the suggestion of Master Plympton the twenty-four hours is taken advantage of and the Admirals' men are withdrawn to the ships. Ristack vows that he will have Keith in irons before the night is over.

CHAPTER V.

COUNCILS OF PEACE AND WAR.

A meeting was called of the principal men in the village. They assembled in the living-room of the Great House. Women were also present. The brightness of the morning was in sad contrast with the gloom depicted upon the faces of the people. The yellow beach under the great bay window stretched out into the calm sea.

Three pioneers of the coming fleet were lying placidly at anchor, while far away could be seen the white sails of other ships making their way to the fishing grounds.

At the back of the bay the blue hills rose up to the blue sky. Bees were humming in the gardens of the Great House, and in the room where the villagers were assembled the old clock in the Spanish mahogany case was ticking its loudest. The full moon on its disc, glowing with the red cheeks of the man inside that luminary, looked quite jubilantly upon the meeting. How often external things seem to be especially bright when we are most unhappy!

Hannah, pale but beautiful, sat by the bay window with her infant upon her knee. Her brown hair was loosely gathered together and fastened in a knot on the top of her well-shaped head. Her light print dress was open at the throat. She looked anxiously at Alan but spoke never a word except now and then by way of greeting to some new-comer.

Plympton had despatched a messenger to the Governor at St. John's. He might as well have let the messenger remain at home. The Governor had received orders to give place to the fishing admiral in regard to the regulation of the shore, and in case of need to assist the officers to maintain the law. The Governor had only just returned to his post and had brought these orders in his pocket. Governors, it must be noted, went away with the fishermen at the end of the season and returned with the summer. During the winter months, as already mentioned, the settlements were left without such protection of law as might be provided by the presence even of a weak governor. It is true, a garrison was left at St. John's with full instructions what they should do if they were attacked by the French, and what more particularly they should do in case the French were victorious. They were to spike their guns and make other dispositions so as to render their defeat as unimportant as possible. But as to the colonists, nothing was said about them; they were to make shift to live and maintain order as best they could.

The Governor to whom Plympton had despatched his messenger was a weak officer. Moreover, he and his people were somewhat jealous of the authority that Plympton wielded at Heart's Delight. While the little settlement over which Ristack and Ruddock were just now riding rough-shod was in winter a model village of peace and good-will, St. John's entered upon all kinds of trials and troubles the moment the fishing fleets with their admirals and masters were out of sight.

In his contention with Plympton and the settlers of Heart's Delight, Admiral Ristack knew to what extent he could go. It was not necessary that he should be moved by revenge or by what Ruddock called love. He might be impelled by either of these passions or not. The law was with him, and it was quite open for him to merely stand by the letter of it and pose as a man performing an unpleasant duty. He was of a malicious nature—hated anyone else to be successful besides himself, could not endure to hear Plympton spoken of as a kindly and good-natured man who loved his fellows and kept the village peaceful and happy by his good example. He was a grasping, intriguing man, suspected at Dar mouth of having once sold a Government secret to a French spy, but he made his way for all that to the confidence of the Court of Admiralty in London. It is not unlikely that he may have sold the French spy—something that was no good, and made merry over the transaction with the authorities in town. Anyhow, he was on the best of terms with the best of London officials who had control of the affairs of Newfoundland.

Ruddock was Ristack's tool, his fetcher and carrier, his pander to Fate, his toady, his neighbor and comrade. The vice-admiral gloried in the possession of a little brief authority. He was built in a very co mmon mould—had risen by fraud, trickery and time-serving. On more than one occasion during the fishing seasons he had paid Hannah Plympton offensive compliments that she had resented. During the last voyage home with his patron Ristack, in the Anne of Dartmouth, he had spoken in opprobrious terms of Alan Keith, and he had falsely asserted that Alan, in a conversation with one Lester Bentz, had denounced Ristack as a wastrel and corrupt. Moreover, Ruddock had remarked in one of their many talks during the voyage homewards, what right had Keith at Heart's Delight; he went there as a fisherman with a Dartmouth vessel and ought to have been returned. The master was a Scotchman, like himself, and was induced by money or clanship to leave the lad behind. As for him (Ruddock) he would have no Scotchmen off Newfoundland unless they were really fishermen in the service of the masters and the admirals; there ought to be a law confining the fisheries to the men of the West.

Although Ristack, with a pretended air of magnanimity, doubted if this would be righteous as law, Ruddock contended that the men of the East Coast and such as came from the North, especially a Perth man, ought not to be allowed to become masters, or, if they were, on no conditions should they become admirals, whether they sailed into harbor first or last. Ristack in this argument was benevolently neutral; he would carry out the law, whatever it might be; that was his maxim—"Stand by the law, boys." He had no selfish motives in anything he did, but during a carouse, to the confusion of all his enemies, he confessed to Ruddock that if there was any man in the world whom he hated, it was David Plympton; and in return for this confidence Ruddock had confessed that he felt similarly towards Alan Keith.

The authorities in London were too busy with more important affairs than such small matters as concerned Newfoundland. The rights and wrongs of so insignificant a section of British subjects as those who had dared to

"I hope they'll let us fight these buccaneers."

struggle for an existence on that barren coast, had to give place to questions that were considered to involve the national safety. The king and his government had Paul Jones on their hands, apart from recognized foreign complications. The British supremacy of the seas was being contested not merely by recognized belligerent fleets, but by pirates and buccaneers; and the chiefs of the admiralty were going to show their foes that no combination, no flying of false flags, no subterfuges, no accumulation of hostile fleets whatever could stand against the British marine. The bare idea that certain illegal settlers in Newfoundland presumed to move a finger that might seem hostile to this policy of defence and defiance, irritated the authorities to the last degree. Newfoundland was a training ground for the navy; Newfoundland was a fishery; Newfoundland should be nothing more. In this direction of thought and resolution the master fishermen of the West, and the great merchants and shipowners interested in the fisheries, supported the admiralty authorities and court with every article and influence. Ristack found it an easy matter to win official sanction for the arbitrary exercise of power, which he sought in regard to the revision of affairs and the re-organization of the harbor of Heart's Delight, the insolence of the settlers there having been reported upon by himself and Ruddock in person, and also by letters from one Lester Bentz, a fisherman of St. John's, who had been prevented from exercising his calling once every year in the adjacent harbor by the outrageous exercise of an undue and unlicensed authority on the part of one David Plympton, who actually claimed to be legally possessed of lands and tenements in the harbor of Heart's Delight contrary to law and public polity.

It is possible that Plympton, without knowing anything of its details, felt the spirit and effect of this hostility. The reader knows that he had looked into the future of Heart's Delight with misgivings. His judgment had been endorsed by signs and tokens which were as straws on the stream of Time. The incident of the removal of a potato shed in the previous season was enough to make Plympton thoughtful and suspicious. It was a pity Alan Keith had not sufficient knowledge of Newfoundland to have made him at once accept the suggestion of the master that they should seek the protection and peace of the old country.

CHAPTER VI.

FOR THE SAKE OF THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

On this summer morning of that fatal season of Ristack's extended authority, Plympton looked unusually grave, and his looks did not belie his feelings. Every man and woman in the room waited for his opinion with undisguised anxiety.

"I am getting old," he said, rising in their midst, "and it may be that my nerve is not what it was; if we were within what might be called our strict legal rights, as we undoubtedly are within our strict moral rights, I should urge resistance to these officers, these pirates, despite the letters of authority that justify their piracy. And that is the worst part of the business. A pirate we understand; we fight him or we give in; but here are men backed by the powers in London, whose acts are nothing short of piracy, though resistance on our part to these magisterial powers means rebellion."

"Then let it be rebellion, says I!" exclaimed the next oldest man in the colony; "better lose our lives than be slaves to such ruffians as Ristack and Ruddock, who have been the bane of Heart's Delight these three seasons back."

"Ay, ay," said several voices.

"The thief who lays his hand on my dwelling," said a younger man, who had not long been married, "had better say his prayers."

Alan Keith, nervous, but self-restrained, stood by Hannah near the bay window that looked out upon the broad ocean. He was leaning against the window-frame and watching the unaccustomed scene in the Great House. Hannah had laid her hand upon his, and was looking up into his face. She could see how bitter was the struggle to keep calm out of his great love for her. Alan would have liked to stand forth and champion the rights of the villagers with his strong right arm. In his very soul he longed to grip Ristack by the throat. He would not have hesitated at commanding a fleet of boats to board the Anne of Dartmouth had he been free as he was before that day when he had first seen Hannah standing at her father's door.

"What has Alan Keith gotten to say?" asked the second oldest man of the village, who had spoken after Plympton.

Alan made no reply, and Pat Doolan in the porchway, with others of his way of thinking, bit his lips for fear he might be tempted to interrupt the proceedings before Alan Keith had spoken.

"You would like the voice of the younger men," said a stalwart fellow from the east coast of England who, in spite of laws and regulations, had brought his wife over to Heart's Delight and built himself a hut. "If I might be so bold as to speak that opinion, why, then, I am with my gray-haired and honored neighbor who prefers death to slavery."

"Ay, ay," shouted the men in the porchway, and "Hooroo!" exclaimed Pat Doolan.

Then there was a cry of "Keith—Alan Keith."

"Ay, why does not Mister Keith speak?" asked a grim-looking villager, almost as broad as he was long, with the arms of a giant on the body of a dwarf.

"I am thinking of the women and bairns," said Alan, looking round the room. "If we could place them in safety it would just be the reight thing to feight! And when I look at the master there, and know how brave a man he is, and he tells us we're in the wrang, I dinna ken what to advise. I hae got over the passion I felt face to face with the devils yonder, and I'm willin' we should be guided by what's best for the women and the bairns."

Hannah pressed Alan's hand. He had spoken without changing the position or attitude he had taken up from the first.

"Spoken like the good man ye are," said one of the women. "We might take sides with ye and die with ye for our rights and honor; but what about the childer?"

"Ay, ay," said one or two earnest voices.

"If we could place the women and children in safety," said Plympton, "what then? Supposing we are overcome; these admirals, as they are called, would have the power to take such of us as they could seize to England and try us for high treason."

"Mon," said a Scotchman, coming forward, "it's just an awfu' position! But I'm for feightin' all the same!"

"Hurrah!" shouted a little knot of belligerents, especially those who had no belongings of wives or children. And Pat Doolan again raised his voice with a double "Hooroo!"

At this moment Father Lavello appeared upon the scene. There were among the people of Heart's Delight only a few Protestants. This also was a grievance of the Ristack faction. Father Lavello and his predecessors had worked for and with the people; had befriended them in their money troubles; had joined in their labors and assisted at their humble festivals. They had made many converts, and those who still preferred to worship outside the pale of the more popular church had no ill-feeling towards the priests.

"God save you, my friends!" said Father Lavello, in his rich, deep voice. "I am grieved at the trouble which has befallen us. I have heard of it from your messenger. You are met in council; let us first ask our Heavenly Father to guide and help us to a right judgment."

The people fell upon their knees; some with a fervor of devotion, others with something like a protest.

"Fight first and pray after, I say!" was the remark of the dwarf with the giant arms. Nevertheless he went down on his knees with the rest.

"Guide us, O Lord God, in this hour of peril and danger," said the priest, raising his bared head, "that we may follow Thy divine will and glorify Thee in our acts and deeds. We are men of peace, children of Thy mercy. Thou hast given us this place for a habitation. We have raised to Thee and to Thy Saints an altar and a church. Our days have been spent in honest labor according to Thy laws, and we have striven to the best of our poor weak natures to walk in Thy ways, to honor and glorify Thy beloved Son, and to make unto ourselves a home of peace and contentment. If it is Thy will that we quit our altars and our homes, and seek Thee beyond the boundaries that arbitrary human power has set up, let the same be made manifest to Thy priests and to these Thy people by such natural inclination as comes with humbleness and prayer. We pray Thee to inspire us with a rightful judgment, and to strengthen us so that we may overcome the devil who works against us, and to give us courage to do that which is right, and just, and true, and obedient in Thy sight. Amen!"

"Amen!" said the people, as with one voice; and every man and woman rose from their knees.

"I beg to offer to Father Lavello and the rest," said a villager who had hitherto been silent, "this proposal. We leave it to his reverence and to Master Plympton, Alan Keith and John Preedie what course it be deemed right for us to take; whether to stand by our homes to the death or to take away our bits of things and seek new homes away in the interior."

"Where we'd starve to death in the winter," remarked one of the women.

"Nay, nay," said another quickly, "we wouldn't starve; and we'd better starve than see our men carried away to England to be tried for treason and be beheaded on Tower Hill."

"Yes, yes," said twenty women at once.

"I have only one objection to make," said the dwarf with the giant's arms; "it is this—and I mean no offence to the priest, though I'm a Protestant hand and foot, heart and soul, that is if I'm anything. It's no good leaving this question to Father Lavello; he's a man of peace, of course—though I've heard of fightin' priests as well as sportin' parsons. But that's neither here nor there; I'm willin' to leave this affair to the master, to Keith and to Preedie; and I hope they'll let us fight these thieves and buccaneers with the law on their lips and hell in their hearts."

"Hooroo!" shouted Pat.

"Hurrah!" cried his mates at the porchway.

"Then let it be so," said Lavello. "I assuredly should advise peace, but I am willing that you should this day be guided under Heaven by the three good men and true who have been nominated; let us then retire while they take counsel together."

"Nae," said Alan Keith, standing away from Hannah, "we hae nae need to tek counsel in secret, let us tek it among our friends and neebors. I shall gie ye my opinion right here where we stand. There's naething I'd like better than to gae forth and fight those buccaneers o' the sea, these villain agents of a besotted and ignorant government, and tear their hearts out o' their vile bodies. But we mun stand by our women."

"Yes, yes," said several women's voices, "that's richt."

"There are seasons when we stand by our women most true by seeming cowards—when we resist our impulses, when we decline to tek chances. Master Plympton tells us we'd endanger their lives and happiness if we resisted these men, whether we drove the tyrannous ruffians to their ships or nae, whether we killed them or let them live; it would be all the same, we'd endanger our wives and bairns; we hae gin hostages to fortune, the master says, and we mun tek the consequences."

"Do ye mean we mun gie in?" asked one of the young men who had previously spoken.

"Yes, yes," said the women.

"Nay, nay," cried several of the men.

"Neighbors!" exclaimed the second oldest man of the village, who having secured attention went on, "hear Alan Keith out! But let me also tell you that the question before us is whether we leave ourselves in the hands of Master Plympton, Alan Keith, and John Preedie."

"Right ye are," said Pat Doolan; "me and my mates is agreed to that."

"I accept the responsibility with my neighbors," said John Preedie, a sober-browed, middle aged man; "I am willing to tell you my opinion without more ado. Like my friend Maxy," pointing to the dwarf, "I am a Protestant, though willing to acknowledge the good there is in Mr. Lavello apart from his priesthood, and I think it best that laymen should settle this thing. I would stand with any man and defend the rights of Heart's Delight; but it appears we have no rights to defend—we are only lodgers. This land, which brave Englishmen discovered and planted, is not for all, but for a chosen few; and for my part I shall take myself and belongings in the first ship that can carry us to America and join our brothers there who have not only the courage, but the power, to resist tyranny and do battle for liberty."

"Hooroo!" shouted Pat; and his national manner of expressing approval was followed by a cheer that might have been heard away on the decks of the Anne of Dartmouth, the Pioneer, and the nameless ship that had cast anchor within the past twelve hours, thus giving to the harbor of Heart's Delight a full court of Admiral, Vice-Admiral and Rear Admiral.

"In the meantime," continued Preedie, "I'm for peace. I'm not one, as a rule, who'd turn the other cheek to the smiter; but to-day to the strength of the tiger I would oppose the cunning of the serpent. At present, I say, I am for peace."

A murmur of approval came from the women. The men were silent, for they saw that Alan was again about to speak.

"Dinna ye think, neighbors," he said, his face white with his efforts to control himself, "dinna ye think I wouldna like to feight; dinna ye think it doesna tek me all my time to say 'Nae' to them as would. And, above all, dinna ye think, feight or nae, I will na be revenged. By the God above us I will, and up to the hilt——"

The priest raised his right hand reprovingly.

"Asking your reverence's pardon," said Alan; "and I mun understan', Father Lavello, that we Scotch Catholics are nae sae tractable as some ithers o' yer flock; we are wild and uncultured to discipline. But all the

Cleaver's Juvenia Soap

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Preserves and Rejuvenates the Complexion.
DR. REDWOOD'S REPORT.
The ingredients are perfectly pure, and WE CANNOT SPEAK TOO HIGHLY OF THEM.
The Soap is PERFECTLY PURE and ABSOLUTELY NEUTRAL.
JUVENIA SOAP is entirely free from any colouring matter, and contains about the smallest proportion possible of water. From careful analysis and a thorough investigation of the whole process of its manufacture, we consider this Soap fully qualified to rank amongst the FIRST OF TOILET SOAPS.—T. Redwood, Ph.D., F.I.C., F.C.S.; T. Hoole Redwood, F.I.C., F.C.S.; A. J. De Hailes, F.I.C., F.C.S.
Wholesale Representative for Canada—CHARLES GYDE, 33, St. Nicholas St., Montreal.

met in council; let us first ask our Heavenly Father to guide and help us to a right judgment."

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A GLUE POT ALWAYS READY FOR USE WITHOUT HEATING.
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EPPS'S COCOA
BREAKFAST.
"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame. —*Civil Service Gazette.*
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THE CHIEF CHARM OF A REFINED WOMAN
is her complexion. Why have Pimples Freckles spots or any blemish when Peach Bloom Skin Food will remove them all, and leave the skin transparent, soft and beautiful?
SKIN FOOD
PEACH BLOOM contains nothing that can injure the skin. It is clear as water, and leaves no trace of the result we claim for it.
PEACH BLOOM differs from any known preparation, in that it cleanses the pores of the skin from injurious accumulations, gives health to the inner as well as to the outer cuticle, dissolving and removing Pimples, Blackheads, Liver Spots and Blue Veins, and gradually bringing about that transparent state of the skin that makes a perfect complexion.
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FOR THE TEETH & BREATH.
TEABERRY.

same, friends and comrades, I'm for peace this day."

"And I, too," said Plympton.

"God's blessing be upon your good resolves," said the priest.

CHAPTER VII.

TREACHERY.

And thus it came to pass that the people resolved that pending other advice that might change them, in the reply of the Governor to the messenger whom Plympton had sent to St. John's, they would proceed to move their household goods and chattels to a spot whither Alan Keith undertook to lead them. He had in his mind no distant pilgrimage, no wild scheme of an independent kind of government away in the wilds of Labrador, but to a valley known to many of them only a few miles distant, where they could build without the let or hindrance of the fishing admirals and come to some general decision as to their future movements and policy.

During the afternoon the men met and made their dispositions for the morrow. Some of them already began to pack their goods. Others visited each other at their houses and said good-bye to the bits of fragrant gardens.

The women gossiped about the meeting, and compared notes as to the method of packing.

Heart's Delight was very busy one way and another. The fishing boats were hauled ashore. Not a man was any longer engaged with his nets.

The second oldest man of the village had proposed that they make their exodus by water; but this was always over-ruled by the argument that at whatever point of the coast they disembarked, they would have to march at the very shortest six miles inland.

Pat Doolan desired to remove the little fort and the two guns which they had erected and mounted during the winter by way of defence of the harbor. Maxy, the dwarf, said "no" to this, because they might still desire to turn those guns on the Anne of Dartmouth and the Pioneer. Pat was more than delighted at this suggestion and would have been willing to try the argument of shot and shell on Ristack and Ruddock at once, spite of the fact that the long guns which the fishing admirals carried would have been sufficient to batter down the little fort and destroy the whole village in a few well-directed rounds.

In this way the afternoon slipped into evening, and evening into night, the weather sweet and soothing, as if it was in sympathy with the peaceful resolutions of the people.

The law had given them twenty-four hours to remove their goods. Alan, with the rest, had resolved to obey the law to the letter. Plympton and Alan smoked the pipe of peace over their resolve in the bit of wooden arbor in Plympton's garden during the sunset. They talked of many things, watched the sun go down red and golden into the sea, noted its caressing beams fall upon the anchored ships, and took in the sense and feeling of the scene as betokening a sort of dumb approval of their action.

All these signs of peace, however—the perfume of the first gilly-flowers, the quiet sea reflecting the quiet sky, the red-gold sunset, with its last beams on the ships in the harbor and the lead glazed windows of the village—were but typical of the calm that ofttimes goes before the storm.

While Heart's Delight had come to the conclusion that they would obey the law as it was interpreted in the powers of the fishing admirals, Ristack and Ruddock in council assembled came to the conclusion that the law would be best obeyed by the arrest of Alan Keith, the ringleader of what they chose to call the day's revolt. Ristack was not a brave man. He could fight, if need be, to defend his own, but he preferred rather to take his enemy in the toils of legal villainy than to run the risk of his enemy's knife. Ruddock, in his black heart, had a mind to what he called a flirtation with Hannah Keith. He had only learned that she was Keith's wife after they had returned to the ship. Lester Bentz was his informant. Lester had come aboard in the dusk, rowing himself from the shore. After a brief conference on board the Anne of Dartmouth, he undertook to pilot a picked boat's crew to a point where they could approach the Great House and its annex by a path through the wooded hills that protected the harbor from the north wind and formed a picturesque background to the village.

(To be Continued.)

Mr. Wigstaff of Chicago.

Mr. Wigstaff is a Chicago man, and has been since he began, some thirty-nine years ago. He travels for a Chicago house and is to the manners born—a little more, perhaps. Not long ago Wiggy blew into a St. Louis concern for the first time and met the proprietor, a very polite but quizzical old gentleman.

"I'm Mr. Wigstaff of Chicago," he said, extending his hand, "and represent pork."

"How d'y' do? How d'y' do?" responded the old gent; "a very fair representative, I'm sure. Come in, come in," and he led Mr. W. back to his office and seated him.

"I beg your pardon, Mr.—— Mr. ——," he hesitated, "but I've missed your name."

"Wigstaff—Mr. Wigstaff of Chicago," replied Wiggy, somewhat uneasily.

"Oh, yes, of course, Wigstaff," rattled along his host. "Very familiar name. My maternal grandmother was engaged to a man once by that name. Very nice man he was, too, if he had let liquor and cards and horses and politics alone; but he wouldn't, and she bounced him.

"I always felt sorry for Wigstaff, though I never heard his story until some fifty or sixty years after he had been hanged for horse-stealing."

Mr. W. hadn't time to say anything yet, and he was becoming fidgety.

"As I was saying," went on the old chap, "if he had only let horses alone he might have got along very well with the others, but he wouldn't, and behold the result. Young man, take warning from your namesake and confine yourself to pork. It's safer."

Wig started to say something.

"Excuse me," cut in the old one, "but where did you say you were from?"

"Chicago," replied Mr. W., with a sigh of relief.

"Chicago! Chicago!" repeated the voluble old fellow. "By the way, Mr. Wigstaff, where is Chicago?"

That was the straw that broke the camel's back and also Wiggy's nerve, and as he bolted out of the office he heard the old man snort.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Not Exactly a Moment of Triumph.

Popleigh hurrying for his train with a few belated Christmas purchases, meets Singleton, who was his unsuccessful rival for the hand of the present Mrs. Popleigh.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon *must* accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

VERBUS.—Scraps of letters not studied. See rules.

MONA AND PHYLLIS.—No coupons reached me. Please read all my rules.

FRANCIS, Orillia.—Your writing will be better suited for delineation after a time. It is at present not sufficiently formed.

ABORIGINAL.—This is rather a crude study, showing, however, some ability and a determination to persevere. The writer is sensible, kind and fond of humanity, hope, ambition and carefulness are shown.

OSWALDINA —1. Writing shows self-esteem, a steady and persistent will, rather an outspoken and frank nature, but cautious at times, vivacious, original and clever, with a thoroughly honest and likable nature.

RIDBAU.—You are capricious at ! impulsive, independent, self-willed and lacking discipline. Discretion, vivacity, perseverance, generosity and self-assertion are shown. You are not original but very bright.

MOLLY.—I do quite agree with you about the poems of Owen Meredith. Have you also read Sir Edwin Arnold's? If you have not, give yourself a treat with them. You did not enclose a coupon, so I cannot delineate your handwriting.

WENONAH.—You are independent, good-tempered and discreet, with great adaptability, excessive truth and charming sympathy; fondness for beauty and excellent taste are shown, generosity and generally optimistic tendencies.

PUCKONTAR.—Excellent judgment, clear ideas, great vivacity, self-respect and a small degree of temper are yours. Humor, imagination, honor and rather a love of romance are also visible. You are a most charming quartette.

PORTIA.—You are sensible, fond of fun, slightly anxious for effect, good-natured and somewhat ambitious. I don't see any great ability or originality, but a dainty taste and pure ideals. Perhaps you are a little selfish, but you have many attractive and charming qualities.

CHIENSHILO.—This fine specimen shows very fine characteristics, not so much strength as beauty. Writer is adaptable, bright and sweet-tempered, with discretion, ability, hope and generosity, good taste, excellent deductive judgment, tact, sympathy and care are shown.

T. L. C.—You are a little affected, very determined, with original and strong opinions, capable of self-sacrifice, rather averse to very demonstrative people, self-willed and a trifle obstinate. Caution is very visible, alternating with frank speech. Your writing has plenty of character and so, my friend, have you.

REGINA —You are one of the easy-going and careless people, Regina, with all the self-reliance and determination possible in such a nature, which is not much. You are oblivious of details, a little sensitive and somewhat temperamental, erratic and lacking self-control, but with originality and cultured tastes.

MINNEHAHA.—This study shows great ease of manner, rather a trim and neat method, some ideality, a little selfishness, excellent discretion and good self-control. Writer is refined and cultured and has good perseverance when she thinks it worth her while. A high idea of honor and generally exalted standard are here.

SPOOKS.—It is not necessary to sprinkle the capital letters around, but yours are a decided help to graphology. You lack tact, but possess a kind and sympathetic nature, constant but not extra demonstrative, slightly imaginative, very persevering, a little apt to hesitate in action, but almost sure to judge aright in emergencies.

SHOO FLY.—1. About 5ft. 5½ or 6in. 2. Depends on circumstances. It is often a kindness to invite a young man to visit at your home, and a girl never shows to greater advantage than when she is playing hostess, if she does it well. 3. You are fond of society, rather hopeful, a little ambitious and very humorous; a bright and attractive person, I think.

CLAIR.—Sorry you had to wait so long. You are rather an erratic writer, with tendencies to impatience and lack of self-control. I think you are orderly, but very impulsive and rather apt to fly from smiles to tears on small provocation; tenacious and quick-tempered, also quick in perception and, tasteful. I don't like a line of self-will that is almost obstinacy.

K. E. G., Chicago.—If you observe the rules you may have a delineation, though you hail from Timbuctoo, Kathleen. Your writing shows a strain of despondency, combined with sympathy, generosity, originality, caution in choosing, but constancy to your chosen friends. Some traces of temper, independence, love of beauty and truthfulness are also shown. You are rather practical and very honest.

THE KID —1. Your August letter just opened. Don't think I am very neglectful of you. I have answered you as soon as I could. As we have more space now I will be able to catch up on my correspondence. 2. Your writing shows a very level head, some self-will and excellent strength of mind. I don't think it is at all likely that you will be an old maid, and when you settle down I am quite sure you will make a good wife.

CHIPS —This dainty study shows order and method, truth and individuality. The writer is self-conscious and anxious to excel, of refined tastes, great love of beauty, sensitive and sympathetic, rather imaginative, extra conscientious, and though lacking determination and snap, you are apt to be the unsuspected winner of some important race. Neither very strong affection nor very enduring constancy are markedly visible, but there are forceful and heavy lines, which are at variance with the style of this study.

MAX (Delhi)—I have another correspondent of your name. 1. Trio is pronounced Tree-o. 2. Some think Paderewski, some Rubinstein. There are several who are beyond compare in their several styles. 3. The person you enquire about is a very cultivated and charming player, a little *passe*, very sensitive and a little conceited. He certainly ranks high. 4. Your writing shows refined taste, great ability, love of beauty, vivacity, some independence and much amiability; discretion and a little impatience are also visible, with sympathy and affection.

NELL.—1. I was delighted with your letter, and hope to hear more from you. Won't you write me a Christmas letter? It is a great pity such a girl as you are; should not have more leisure, for I am sure you'd make good use of it. I like you well. 2. You are bright, hopeful and amiable, not too fond of company, and very well able to look after yourself; have tact and self-reliance, with rather an impulsive and offhand way of thinking; you are anything but shallow, sometimes apt to be too much influenced by surroundings, a lovable, honest and clever little woman, very quick to see fun and adapt yourself to circumstances.

ELOISE.—1. The word "Minpah" signifies a "Watch-tower," and implies care and supervision either tender or mistrustful as the case may be. 2. If a young lady of nineteen chooses to give the privilege of a kiss to a young man of the same age, I don't suppose any of the stars will fall. For my part, it would depend much on the style of kiss and the style of young man, whether I said it was improper. In some cases it would be very foolish, not to say anything more; in others it would be allowable. However, if I were you, Eloise, I would not make a practice of kissing young men of nineteen or of any other "teen." 3. Your writing shows an impulsive and undisciplined will, great ideality, impatience, humor, self-will and a disposition to combativeness. Don't you like to argue? I know you hold your opinions most tenaciously. I think you are a little too romantic.

Mr. Smarty of New York.

"Last time I was down in Tennessee," said the crummer at the Sunday night round-up, "I had with me a disagreeably smart chap, representing a gun manufacturing concern somewhere in New York State, I think. What he didn't know about guns wasn't knowable, and if there was anybody he didn't tell it to I don't know who they were. One afternoon we were delayed by an accident at a way station where a shooting match was going on just beyond the track, and we went over to look at it. It wasn't long until my man was talking guns, and he went back to the train and brought out one of his samples. He shot once or twice with it with considerable success, for he could do that well if nothing else, and an old coon hunter asked him to give him a trial with it. It was an old-style squirrel rifle, using powder and caps, and was intended for the country trade. The old man fired once or twice with it, and while the representative was giving the crowd a talk on its merits, he put a cap on and pulled up for another shot. It snapped. He put another cap on and tried it again, with only a snap as a result. By this time the New Yorker was watching him. He made a couple more attempts but couldn't make it go.

"Here," said the New Yorker, taking it, "you don't know anything about a good gun."

"I reckon I do," said the old man humbly.

"Why don't you shoot this one then?"

"Tain't no good, I reckon."

"That's all you know about it," and he began to jar the powder down into the tube. "Now give me a cap. I'll bet you a five-dollar note that it goes all right."

"That's me," and the old fellow put up his five. "And I'll give you two chances to win," he added.

The New Yorker didn't want two, but agreed to it, and with a final jar to get the powder well down, he took aim and pulled the trigger. Snap—that was all, and he was hot. Then he took a powder-horn and shook some powder into the tube, picked at it a moment and put on another cap.

"Want to make that $10, old man?" he asked confidently.

"Don't keer if I do," and the bet was doubled.

Mr. Gunman took aim again and let her go. Snap, and that's all the further she went. The old man reached out for his money and put it in his pocket. Just then the conductor yelled all aboard and we hustled away to catch the train. As we pulled out the old man yelled to my companion on the platform with the gun in his hand:

"Say, Mr. Smarty, if you'll jest put a load in that thar shooter mebbe she'll go all right."

I looked at the New Yorker and he looked at me.

AYER'S PILLS

Unlike other aperients, strengthen the excretory organs and restore their natural and regular action. For the cure of constipation, biliousness, sick headache, nausea, indigestion, and all irregularities of the stomach, liver, and bowels, Ayer's Pills are unsurpassed. They are recommended by prominent medical men, as the safest and most efficient cathartic for family and general use, and are everywhere ranked among the most popular of domestic remedies.

The Best Family Medicine

"For over twenty years, I have used Ayer's Cathartic Pills in my family, and have never known them fail to master the trouble for which they are taken. I should not feel safe to be without them."—J. W. L. Porter, North Ogden, Mich.

"I have used Ayer's Pills in my family for several years, and have always found them most effectual in the relief of ailments arising from a disordered stomach, torpid liver, and constipated bowels."—Charles J. Booth, Olivewood, Pasadena P. O., Cal.

"I have been selling Ayer's medicines for eight years and can safely say that Ayer's Pills give better satisfaction than any other."—J. J. Perry, Spottsylvania C. H., Va.

"I consider Ayer's Pills superior to any other."—Dr. George P. Spencer, Unity, N. H.

"I use Ayer's Pills in my practice, and find them to be safe, mild, and efficient."—Dr. Charles Ryan, Elma, Miss.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Every Dose Effective

"By thunder," he exclaimed, "who would have thought that yap could put a ten dollar job up on me like that?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Infuriated Husband—Yes, talk on, talk on! I know you wish me dead and buried. It wouldn't be six months before you would send word to that fool of a lover of yours in Chicago to come on.

She (sweetly)—Hardly as long as that, dear Jack. I should probably kill two birds with one stone by simply adding to your funeral notice Chicago papers please copy. Tom used to be so quick in taking hints.—*Life.*

Breaking It.

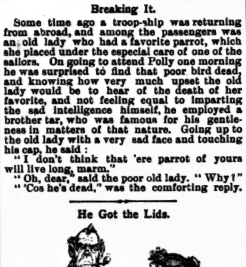
Some time ago a troop-ship was returning from abroad, and among the passengers was an old lady who had a favorite parrot, which she placed under the especial care of one of the sailors. On going to attend Polly one morning he was surprised to find that poor bird dead, and knowing how very much upset the old lady would be to hear of the death of her favorite, and not feeling equal to imparting the sad intelligence himself, he employed a brother tar, who was famous for his gentleness in matters of that nature. Going up to the old lady with a very sad face and touching his cap, he said:

"I don't think that 'ere parrot of yours will live long, marm."

"Oh, dear," said the poor old lady. "Why?"

"Cos he's dead," was the comforting reply.

He Got the Lids.



Mrs. Mooney (to her husband)—Teddy, go out an' shwear over th' back fince at th' Callahans, so they'll t'row our shtove lids back at ye, or sorra th' bite av dinner O'I can cook this day.—*Judge.*

Conclusive.

She—Do you think the Professor is really in love with her?

He—Well, rather! He gets carried by his own station on the Elevated every day, and blushes when the guard calls out "Eighteenth Street."

A Nineteenth Century Episode

Clara—Have you heard that I was engaged? Maude—To be married?

Progress.

"Well, Willie, how do you get on at school?"

"First rate; I licked the monitor this morning."

His Drawback.

"And this is the founder of our house. He fought under William the Conqueror."

"I suppose you are very proud of him?"

"Well, hardly. You see he is the only one of our house since its foundation, without ancestors."

Possible.

Englishman—Er—I beg pardon—er—do you think I could get a little—er—laundry work done in New York?

American—Don't know, I'm sure. Shouldn't be surprised if you could, though. I had some done in London.

A Chivalric Foreigner.

M. le Baron (who, on the previous evening, failed in his endeavors to reach the refreshment tables at a crowded reception)—Ah, I see! ce refreshments are serve' in ze field. Zat is mooch better zan in ze crowded room. If madame will hold my hat, I once more plunge into ze conflict, and viz ze help of heaven, perhaps achieve for madame ze croquette.

Her Scheme.

"Jenny," called out Mrs. Wilson to her beautiful daughter upstairs, "I've got the washing ready for you to hang out."

Then Miss Jenny put aside the novel she was reading, rolled up the sleeves from her lovely white arms, and going downstairs, filled her pretty mouth with clothes-pins and hung out the clothes, just as young M'Garrigan went by to his dinner. The engagement will be announced shortly.

A Fashionable Drink.

Menier Chocolate is a fashionable drink. Did you ever try it? Send postal card for samples and directions to C. Alfred Chouillou, Montreal.

A Heavy Forfeit.

Tom—Hey, Jimmy, got any money wid you? I'm not only dead broke but I'm in a hole as well.

Jim—Why, wot's de matter?

Tom—I'll tell yer. Yer see de crowd o' gals I's got with me! Well, dey all kissed me while I wuz asleep las' night an' ev'ry one o' dem wants a pair o' gloves fur Chris'mas!

Mr. F. J. Pinfold, Hyde's Mills, Wis., U.S.A., writes: "Have been afflicted with sick headache for twenty-five years, but since using Diamond Vera-Cura have not had an attack of it." At druggists or sent on receipt of price, 25 cents. Address E. A. Wilson, Toronto.

So They Could.

Young Man of Bar Harbor experience—Then there is no hope for me?

She—I am afraid not.

Y. M.—Is that official, final and irrevocable?

She—It is.

Y. M.—Then we can have a good time being engaged!

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

BEECHAM'S PILLS

(Tasteless—Effectual.)

For Sick-Headache, Impaired Digestion, Liver Disorders and Female Ailments.

Renowned all over the World.

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Ask for Beecham's and take no others. Made at St. Helens, England. Wholesale Agts. Evans & Sons, Ld., Montreal. For sale by all druggists.

At the Bank.

This is to notify you that your account at the bank of health is overdrawn at this rate you will soon be bankrupt, unless you take

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites to build you up.

It will *STOP A COUGH, CURE A COLD, and check CONSUMPTION and all forms of WASTING DISEASES. Almost as palatable as Milk.* Prepared by Scott & Bowne, Belleville. For sale by all druggists.

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We have noticed a page article in the Boston *Globe* on reducing weight at a very small expense. It will pay our readers to send two cent stamp for a copy to Walker Circulating Library, 10 Hamilton place, Boston, Mass.

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SAWS EASY. SAVES LABOR.

BY ONE MAN.

Send for free illustrated catalogue, showing testimonials from thousands who have sawed from 5 to 9 cords easily. Saws down trees, folds like a pocket knife, weighs only 6lbs., easily carried on shoulder. One man can saw more timber with it than two men with a cross-cut saw. Agents wanted. Liberal terms. Exclusive territory. Sent to any P.O. on receipt of price, $2.50. Agents wanted. Address, FOLDING SAWING MACHINE CO. 341 to 347 St. Antoine St., Montreal, Can.

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E SHEPPARD - - Editor

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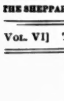
The Drama.



THIS cannot be said to have been a brilliant week on the Toronto stage. O'Dowd's Neighbors, which appeared at the Grand for the first three nights, was quite a mirth maker, but that is saying the most for it; the Marriage Dramas that completed the week, charming though they were, cannot but be regarded as other than unique social diversions. The Academy was closed the first half of the week, while Jacobs & Sparrow's presented a melodrama somewhat above the average. Mark Murphy is not Joe Murphy. The latter depends upon wit and humor for his success, while Mark relies upon the absurdity of his actions for applause. Mark is a comedian to the eye of the spectator; Joe is a comedian to his feelings. There can be no question as to which is the higher type. One is like a real lake on which you can sail and in which you can bathe; the other, a clever hand-painting, a manufactured thing. At the same time, Mark Murphy, if he *is* a comedian mechanic, has been a faithful apprentice and a conscientious journeyman. Possessing nothing of what is called personal magnetism, he yet, by his carefully ridiculous stage business, moves most people to plenty of laughter. Roger Dolen as McNab is all that could be desired, while Joe Roberts is a remarkable figure as Algernon Clinch. As a singer he has a wonderfully mellow voice, and the quartette and sextette would be splendid but that Mr. Holcombe has a hard voice, quite irreconcilable with Roberts' and fatal to Reynolds' sweet but small tenor. In the company songs Miss Winton showed herself possessed of a voice of extraordinary strength. The way her tones sprang up and swelled and carolled about the lofty ceiling and played peek-a-boo around the glittering chandelier was something fine to see and hear. I am no judge of music, but at the same time, when attending a variety show I am always ready to applaud anything reasonably good in the shape of a serious song, when the object is to give good singing or express good sentiment. The Man Who Wrote Ta ra ra Boom de Aye may be a funny song, but if it is, my worst fears are realized, and I am a blockhead. I can't see the humor, wit or fun of it. The music of the thing, too, is abominable. The song is a clumsy attempt all round to steal some of the popularity from that catchy Ta-ra which came from nowhere and occupies every street urchin's mouth. When this song and Patsy Brannigan are applauded by the gallery and repeated at their behest, it seems too bad that the prim folks downstairs should be too nice to show their approval of quartettes and sextettes possessing both music and sentiment of a superior order. Why cannot they let themselves loose, or at all events, why can they not keep disapproving eyes off those of us who by applause are endeavoring to encourage something better than the gaff and gibberish encored by the peanut gallery? Many a singer of merit is dropped from variety shows for the simple reason that he constantly fails to win a hearty encore. The youngsters up aloft, through force of habit, occasionally applaud a song of sober merit, but their sincerest favors are reserved for something with a somersault and a sand-jig accompaniment. The proper people downstairs think it undignified to evince pleasure, lest it be inferred that they never heard Patti, so they sit in icy state and allow talented artists to retire unrecalled and with lumps in their throats. You should think this over.

*

Wilson Barrett will be here Monday night, and it is of course certain that the Grand will be crowded to the doors at every performance. We shall take particular interest in this event for the reason that Franklin McLeay, a Canadian, plays a part in Pharaoh second only to Barrett in point of interest and in handling. His interpretation of the character of a hunch-back court fool, who nurses a bitter hate for the men and the system of society under which in his infancy he was made a repulsive cripple to suit the whim of a prince, is said by the English papers to be something new and impressive. Humble and simple in the presence of his master, he shows himself at other times a deep and venageful conspirator with a power of strategy that no one can meet. Pharaoh will probably prove to be like the usual English play, wherein solid worth is extolled above flashy effects. It is called a great scenic production. Wilson Barrett is an author-actor whose coming to Toronto reasonably excites the most intense interest among all who ever attend theaters. Some who do not turn out more than once a year will be there next week. During his week at the Grand Mr. Barrett will play besides Pharaoh, Ben-ay-Chree, Lady of Lyons, Hamlet, and The Silver King. That is a magnificent programme, and I venture to predict that those who forget to secure seats in advance will have difficulty in finding standing room.

*

Miss E. Pauline Johnson and Mr. Owen A. Smily gave another of their popular recitals in Bond street Congregational church on Tuesday night last before an audience which filled every seat. These two artists met with such success in the West that they have been re-engaged to appear in Association Hall, Hamilton, next Tuesday.

*

Walter Sanford's melo-drama, The Struggle of Life, well deserved the enthusiastic reception it met at the hands of a crowded house on Monday night, and ought to attract large audiences to Jacobs and Sparrow's this week. The scene is laid in New York, where Lorler, the villain (G. L. Montserrat), has conspired to ruin his friend Brocton (W. Stafford) and successful rival in the affections of Nellie Duncan, a New York heiress (Mabel Florence). He succeeded in having him branded as a forger with the help of Balter, *alias* Whiskey Bill (C. J. Vincent), but Brocton escapes to California. The play begins with his return to New York, wealthy and determined to clear himself; he finds that Nellie, by her father's will, has to marry Lorler unless Brocton proves his innocence within a year, of which time only two days remain. Nothing daunted, he essays the task, in which he is helped by Madge Wilton (Lillian Brainard), who has been ruined by Lorler under promise of marriage and secreted in a New York dive kept by Bizzle (P. Haines), from which she has escaped. Madge and Brocton, after passing through some thrilling adventures, which furnish the subject of exciting scenes, in which J. Burns, H. Sadler, G. Hollis, as toughs, take an active part, are rescued by Molly McCue and Tommy Cassy (Mollie Revel and E. J. Heron); Lorler is discomfited, Brocton marries Nellie, and Molly is restored to her father. The piece abounds in sensational incidents, where pathos, comedy and tragedy in turn work upon the feelings of the spectator. The company is a strong one and is greatly assisted in its rendering of the play by varied and attractive scenery, which taxes the capacity of the stage. The play is healthy in tone and has as little false sentiment, situations and clap-trap as is possible in a melodrama. The interest of the spectators is excited at the beginning of the play and held until the curtain falls.

*

Many of those who attended what was undoubtedly the most notable elocutionary event last season, viz., the combined recital of Mr. Charles Roberts, the distinguished American reader, and our most successful and ver-atile Miss Jessie Alexander, will learn with pleasure of a similar entertainment to be given by these gifted artists in the Pavilion on Monday, January 2, when, in addition to the usual individual selections, a comedetta will be presented.

*

At Jacobs & Sparrow's next week the attraction will be Rob Roy. It is a piece possessing real merit and is sure to draw big houses.

MACK.

A Romance of St. Andrew's Ball

With Profound Apologies to Those Who Were There.

Thistle-down, light as air
Wafted over the land,
Feathers from a Cupid's wing,
Tossed upon the breeze.

UPON the back of a dance-programme, all that he had to show for a week's salary which had gone to swell the financial success of that illustrious function, St. Andrew's Ball, George Henry Smifkins pencilled the above—his first poetic effusion.

The clock of St. James' Cathedral had struck three as George Henry, having footed it from the Pavilion, turned his latch-key in the door of No.— Shuter street, and with a look of scorn (foreign to his noble features) at the sign depicted thereon, "Board and Lodging," wearily dragged himself up to his bachelor apartment.

"Three o'clock! not much use trying to sleep to-night; that blessed alarm will go off in three hours. I'll sit up," he had remarked to himself, and so, regardless of the damage suffered by the tails of his hired dress suit, he sprawled in the wooden rocker, before a stove which might have vied with a lighted cigarette for heat.

"Feathers from a Cupid's wing"—

Reader, need it be said in so many words, George Henry Smifkins was in love? I trow not. "Such an angel!" he mused, as he sat there, "decidedly she is a high-roller. I wonder if she'll ever find out that I am only a dry-goods clerk, sub deputy—manager of Blank's carpet department. Flashleigh won't tell her. I wonder if she really asked him to introduce me. I know I'm a good dancer, and as to looks"—he glanced at the mirror above the bureau—"well, there were worse-looking fellows there, and, thank heaven, we all look equally well in dress-suits, Counts and counter-jumpers, and that's all I am in the eyes of society, only a counter-jumper, or—by-a——"

His head nodded, only for five minutes it seemed to him; in reality he had slept three hours, when the whir-r-r of the alarm-clock startled him into life again.

"Je-upiter! Six o'clock! and I've to pack this blessed dress-suit and——"

He tore the coat off as he spoke and half an hour later, as the bell for the first breakfast rang, took his solitary seat at the dining-room table.

The well meant questions of his landlady as to "How he'd enjoyed the ball, then, Mr. Smifkins," met with such gruff responses as to draw from that worthy woman the expressed hope "that he hadn't taken nothing as disagreed with him."

Little does she know the ache of an unrequited love, thought George Henry, as with his lunch under one arm and the suit to be returned under the other, he trudged down to that institution, which, by grinding about three hundred clerks down to salaries averaging two dollars each less than they earn, nets the magnificent sum of $600 a week, is therefore justly patronized by the laboring classes, and for the purposes of this story shall be known as Blank's.

Blank's carpet department never looked so contemptible, and Smifkins' duties never appeared so degrading as this morning. How could he sweep and dust, with the touch of a lavender gloved hand still warm upon his arm, with the memory of a flashing smile yet unfaded from his vision and a whispered good-bye still ringing in his ear? Why was not he the equal of these other men, happy wights who might meet his—yes "his"—darling on an equal footing? Why was not he——

"Now, Smifkins," broke in a harsh voice which, with a start, he recognized as belonging to the manager of his department, "when you've quite finished staring out of the window, you can go downstairs to the thread counter and get a spool of No. 20; here's the order. Hurry up, now—it's past nine and I want you to sew up a hole in this roll of tapestry."

George Henry, with a mechanical "all right, sir," hastened downstairs to obey the behest.

I may not tell thee, gentle reader, the name of the establishment which the poet Smifkins honors with his services; it would be derogatory, even unbusinesslike to give it a free advertisement (and I doubt not, upon pressure, Smifkins will give more for silence than the proprietor will for mentioning the name), so that it must be sufficient to state that it is so large that George Henry, although an employee of long standing, had some difficulty in finding the thread counter aforesaid.

At last, after having received divers misdirections of, "Next counter but one on the right," and from one newly-engaged salesman—"I think you'll find it upstairs in the carpet department," he arrived at his destination, and as he subsided upon a stool thus addressed the saleslady, whose back was turned to him:

"Will you please fill me this order for the carpet department?"

The damsel turned—their eyes met.

Alas! Smifkins! Alas! for "the feathers from a Cupid's wing."

It was his angel of the St. Andrew's ball.

UNCLE ARTIE.

On the Street Cars

If smokers supposed that the placing of special cars at their service on the electric car routes was going to put a period to their troubles, they were greatly mistaken. Already the ladies are after them, and whenever the forward coaches are comfortably filled, ladies clamber confidently upon the smoking cars, glower reproachfully at those who smoke, sniff disgustedly and remark to each other complainingly about the filthy atmosphere. Smokers must stand firm, for if they retreat a foot they will be crowded back a mile by a certain class of unmarried females. These assertive women who flounce as if by right divine into any place havingan unlocked door, should be made to understand that if all women were of their stamp the sex would not for twenty four hours enjoy the special privileges now accorded them.

No man begrudges a woman any one of the little courtesies customary in public and private places. There are boors, of course, who show women no favors, but they are not worth mentioning. Still, there are women who deserve to meet only boors in street cars, on the pavements and in every public place. They presume on the bare fact of their sex and claim everything in sight; they enter a car and by look and manner say, "Get up and give me my seat, you thick-headed fool." The man at whom such a woman directs this unspoken but effective command gets no thanks for his compliance, but is made to feel that he is an unmannerly lout in that he does not apologize for the impertinence of being alive.

Women of this sort will confiscate the seats of all the men in a car, and, while half a dozen other ladies stand holding on to straps, seven or eight of them will occupy seating room that could easily accommodate a dozen if they showed towards each other a trifle of the same courtesy they so offensively demand from men. Who ever saw ladies on a street car, of their own act, move close together to make room for a new-comer, be that new-comer man, woman, or angel? What man has not found it necessary—in the early afternoon, when ladies are going shopping—to stand up in a car that could have seated six or eight more people had any thoughtfulness been shown?

The latest caper is this. When a young lady sees one a few days older than herself enter a car, she quickly jumps up and offers her seat; then she clutches a strap, summons a virtuous expression to her face, and no doubt speculates as to which of the men present will prove to be her victim. It is, I fancy, a very amusing experiment for the girls, and I have seen it done a number of times during the past week. They do not give gentlemen present a chance to offer a seat to the new-comer—they anticipate the most alert. Now, where did this idea come from, and what the mischief—

Women are awful queer!

ZEKE.

In the Shadow of the Church.

THE carol singer stood in the shadow and watched the flood of yellow light that streamed through the church window. He had been singing in the cold streets and colder squares all evening, and his voice now was weak and quavering. The cold wind crept around the street corners and fluttered his tattered clothing and stirred his white hair. The crisp snow crackled sharply under his feet, and his breath formed a white and glittering coating on his rough comforter. Overhead the stars twinkled in the blackness of the heavens, and the old church, ivy-twined and gray, threw a gloomy shadow on the ground.

Softly, like the gentle rising of a summer breeze, a wave of music rolled forth into the night and filled the air with trembling notes. High and higher yet pealed the glorious music, until the lonely square seemed full of spirit voices and the rich swelling of the mellow harmony floated away into the darkness.

With a smile upon his pallid face the singer listened, for in those undulating waves of sweetest harmony the past rose before him, and the soft strains spoke to him of bygone days and sacred, buried memories. The night grew colder and the flaring gas jets showed the square to be almost deserted, yet the singer lingered.

And inside of the church the player remained seated at the organ. His mind wandered to long forgotten airs, and under his skilful touch the instrument seemed to breathe forth a mournful story of the dead years. Softly and sadly, like the soothing ripple of the tide, the melody deepened and floated along the dim corridors and aisles, and echoed in the dark and dusty corners. Shadowy hands seemed to beckon to the player from the misty darkness of long ago, and whispering voices spoke to him from the black walls. Instinctively, as the player's thoughts drifted into the past, he glided into a softer and graver measure; into an air that a long lost brother was wont to love and sing, and as the noble music swelled and rolled through the church in long, quivering echoes, the organist listened, for he heard, rising on the chill night, a weak and trembling rendering of the air. Perhaps it was the voices he had heard whispering in the shadow of the organ and floating away down the lonely corridors and among the dusty beams and pillars. But those were spirit voices that kept his wandering thoughts company, and the voice he heard outside was like his own. He closed the instrument and left the church, his footsteps sounding hollow and ghostly on the floor. On reaching the yard he stumbled over a form in the snow. He stooped over the inanimate body, and the starlight shone dimly upon the face of the carol singer. The organist had found his brother, but death had claimed him first. And as the living looked upon the face of the dead, the joyous pealing of Christmas bells floated to him.

BERT KELLY.

M'Joaker Again.

Everybody knows how curious the average pedestrian is, and how easy it is to collect a crowd. Going home, up Yonge street, a few evenings ago, our friend M'Joaker suddenly stopped, and lighting a vesta began searching carefully on the edge of the footpath. He soon had half a dozen people round him, one of whom asked:

"What are you looking for?"

"A five dollar bill," replied Mac curtly. Thereupon the questioner pulled out a lot of vestas, lighted one, and assisted in the search, an example which was quickly followed by two or three others, while the crowd rapidly increased.

"Whereabouts did you lose the bill?" again asked the first speaker.

"I didn't lose it—I'm only looking for one; it's so long since I possessed one," was Mac's stolid reply, and then the crowd melted away more quickly than it had gathered. A. E. V.

Education Wasted.

There is a young gentleman now engaged as a reporter on one of the Toronto papers who had graduated with some distinction from the University and filled a prominent position in an institution of learning for a time. His father appears to have a somewhat contemptuous idea of journalism, for on seeing his son the other day he exclaimed:

"Well, what good is all your education to you now that you are in the newspaper business?"

ZEKE.

She Could Use It.

Peddler (opening his pack)—I have here, madam, an improved rat trap, which——

Woman of the house—We are never troubled with rats.

"Which can also be used for cracking nuts——"

"We never use nuts of any kind."

"Or as a coffee roaster. Adjusted in this manner it——"

"We always buy our coffee roasted."

"Just so. Reversing the wires that form the upper portion and bringing down the side flaps, thus, we have a device for holding eggs when cooking——"

"We never eat eggs."

"And by folding these wire loops, as you see me doing now, it makes a handy arrangement for holding a small mirror——"

"Hav'n't the slightest use for such a thing."

"While by adjusting another small mirror in this position and another at this angle, as you will notice, and placing it in a kitchen window, for example, it has the curious effect of enabling the observer, seated at one side of the window and entirely out of sight, to see distinctly through any window that may be opposite and to note what is going on inside, and all I ask for this most useful and comprehensive invention is 75 cents, which is only about one half——"

"I'll take it."—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Worth of a Maiden.

"Miss Keedick—Dora," began young Mr. Hipple, "Dora, dearest, I love you!"

"So does Mr. Spatt," replied Dora.

"I know it; but he can't love you as I do. It isn't in him."

"But he says I am worth my weight in gold."

"Dora, how much do you weigh?" asked the young man.

"Let me see," replied Dora meditatively. "What is my weight now?"

"I suppose it is about 120 pounds."

"No; it is not quite that. I never weighed over 113, and that was last winter. But what are you doing?"

The young man had taken a pencil and an old letter from his pocket and was figuring on the back of the envelope.

"We'll call it 113," he said. "In 113 pounds there are 16 times that many ounces, or 1808 ounces. Now gold is quoted at $20 67 per ounce; 1808 ounces at $20.67 per ounce amounts to $37,371 36."

"What on earth are you doing, Mr. Hipple?" Miss Keedick demanded.

"I am ascertaining the difference between Mr. Spatt's valuation of you and my own estimate. His value of you as reported by yourself is precisely $37,371.36. The creature actually has the audacity to place a cash value upon you, and one at such paltry proportions, too. Less than $40,000 for a superb and angelic being like yourself! It is figured down to cents, even. Think of the odd thirty-six cents, my dear! The very idea of lugging in the paltry copper cent as a measurer of your value! Yet that is precisely what my rival has done. Now, Dora, love, I value you at billions on billions of dol——"

He did not finish. She interrupted him with the exclamation: "I am yours, George!"

The wedding will occur in about six weeks.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Summer's Departure.

For Saturday Night.

When summer gathers up her garments gay,
And folds them like a departing guest,
And from our presence softly steals away;
When sadness fills the chamber of my breast,
And when gray autumn in her bowers treads
And blows his chilly breath upon the flowers,
And mars the beauty of her fertile beds
In which she spent her latest evening hours;
And drives the songsters from the leaf-rift trees,
Which sang so sweet to me at dawn and dark,
And still the hunting of the busy bees
'Mong honeyed flowers and over dewy lawn,
And in one night may throw his ashy shade
O'er all the sky, and air, and sea, and land,
And cause the gayest, brightest hues to fade,
Which she for months had pencilled with her hand,
I love to reach my friendly hand and touch
The fading border of her flowing robe,
And with my moistened'd eyes her steps to watch,
Chased by the pange of autumn's chilly probe.
The fragrance of her gentle breath I crave,
As in my ear her tales of love she told,
And now how hard to see upon her grave
The stone by autumn's chilly fingers rolled.
Rest, dearest friend, beneath the snow-lift sheet,
Till spring the icy stone shall roll away,
When we, 'neath blooming bowers, again shall meet
In all the gladness of the summer day;
When warbling birds their sweetest songs repeat,
And nature in her emerald robe be clad,
And on my ear the zephyrs, soft and sweet,
Again shall fall; and all thy friends be glad.
Till then farewell, O my beloved guest;
The rude ones which come while thou art gone,
May make me clasp thee closer to my breast
At the return—at summer's golden dawn.
How sad the lines which autumn's pen thus writes
Upon the tablet of my blighted heart,
Whose ling'ring love my parted friends invites,
And sighs and weeps when we, alas! must part.

A. A. S.

Chrysanthemums.

For Saturday Night.

I think I saw the fairest sight to-day
That ever gladdened a December gray:

In one low, trimly-kept and sky-lit room
A thousand sweet chrysanthemums in bloom.

Pale purple, tawny-brown and golden-bright,
And some faint pink, but most were snowy-white.

With tender petals crossed in tangled grace,
Their beauty filled and glorified the place.

So fair a sight spread out before my eyes,
Seemed like a transient glimpse of Paradise.

And which were loveliest passed my wit to tell,
Though, pleased, I watched them till the twilight fell,

Lifting their dainty fringes with my hand,
Whereat, methought, the flower-hearts did expand

With conscious joy of beauty seen and loved
By human heart to purest rapture moved.

And something vaguely sweet within me stirred
Responsive, as a smile to a kind word.

My griefs forgot, my cares were cast aside,
My soul was lifted up and purified.

And much I marveled that so great a power
Dwelt in the narrow calyx of a flower.

The darkness grew, all loth I turned away.
I know not if the future holds a day

So meet to linger in the memory,
So full of pure delight and poetry

As this, but well I know my heart will keep
A faithful record of the meaning deep,

Taught by those sweet chrysanthemums in bloom,
In that low, trimly-kept and sky-lit room.

Ottawa, Dec. 6, 1892. LILY E. F. BARRY.

Hit—A Nonsense Rhyme.

For Saturday Night.

"I have heard," he said, "of an archer bold,
Who shoots with unerring aim,
And whatever he hits, tho' mortals cold,
Is fanned into burning flame."

"A fable as old as the hills," she said,
"But a fable none the less;"
And she laughed as she shook her golden head,
While he answered her simply, "Yes."

They parted. Far over the sea he went,
An officer, bold and gay,
To India sent, with his regiment,
Five thousand miles away.

And years rolled on till he returned,
And they met at a ball by chance,
But each had a lesson wisely learned
And they told it after the dance.

For he said, "Have you met with the archer yet?"
And she answered him boldly, "Yes,
I thought it was only a fable—but
'Tis true, sir, none the less."

"I wish you joy," he said with a sigh,
"Alas, he has hit me too,
But let each tell truly the loved one's name,"
And both in one breath said—"You!"

UNCLE ARTIE.

Lines.

For Saturday Night.

Learn to forget
Whate'er is past,
Let no regret
Thy mind o'ercast;
The days gone by
Are ours no more,
Stifle thy sigh,
Probe not the sore.

A. CRAWFORD.

The Sailor Boy.

For Saturday Night.

Where the sheeny waters play
With the sunbeams all the day,
See the little sailor boy;
Dimpled feet so soft caress
The smooth stones they prettily bless,
For his boat his tiny shoe,
And for sail his kerchief new.

Would we tell him that to-morrow
Holds for him some bitter sorrow,
Spoil his hours of joy?
All too soon purchance he'll miss,
Mother's love and father's kiss;
On life's sea he'll sail away,
Where such joy must say him nay.

MRS. J. ELLIOTT LENZER.

The Broken Heart.

For Saturday Night.

Lifeless, lifeless, 'neath the cold sod,
In death she lay;
Her spirit, freed, ascends to God,
It could not stay.

Joyless, joyless, seems all to me,
Without my love;
O! part, ye heavens, and let me see
Her face above.

Fruitless, fruitless, these burning tears,
This bitter sigh;
For I must fight through weary years,
Until I die.

W. E. S.

Between You and Me.

"WON'T you write up the idea of girls having some definite aim in life?' asked a very good-looking young man of me the other evening. I could not help thinking that he would be a good enough definite aim for most girls himself, but he was quite serious and in earnest, and so we might as well consider his request. Most girls have some sort of an aim, but very few have it quite clearly defined; how can they when mamma objects, and papa pooh-poohs, and big brother derides and female friends discourage? A girl nearly always gives up her own desires, for peace sake, if they are objectionable to the powers that be. There are scores of girls in Toronto to-day who have no aim in life, but who remember the time when they had. There are very few who have stuck to that first inspiration and worked out their brain's salvation with stout hearts and compressed lips. I know a doctor in *embryo*, and a lawyer in an unfledged state, and an actress yet in chrysalis, and a school mistress slowly developing, and an artist all color-starved, who have exhausted as much energy, and tact and patience to combat the disapproval of their parents as would land many a one high up on the ladder of success. They are to be pitied, are they not? I don't know anything more utterly heartbreaking than to have a pet scheme subjected to the cold breath of disapproval, till the life is chilled out of it; and what must it be to have one's life purpose "blown always cold upon?"

*

The trouble seems to be that the aspirants happen to be girls. If one of the boys had developed these tastes, nine chances in ten that a way would have been made, so easily! for their utilization. This is one of the reasons why the ordinary girl shrinks from an aim in life. If she does persevere, opposition makes her combative, self-assertive and aggressive, and instead of calmly following her bent she is like a very small dog who feels it incumbent on him to chase and bark at everyone he passes, why, no one knows but himself; and the attitude of defence does not go with the ideal of maidenhood. Mrs. Jenness-Miller and I once had a talk about dress reform, girls, and I think we talked rather forcibly. The girls who are snubbed grow saucy or timorous, as their nature happens to warp. The girls who are nagged at, get downright bad-tempered under it. The girls who are watched grow sly and deceitful; the girls who are pushed forward grow coarse and bold. Why, oh why, don't the mothers let them alone! It isn't hard to guide the gentle girl in her first sweet youth, if you don't abuse or misuse your authority. And if she should have one definite aim in life, for mercy's sake let her have it in comfort. If it fails, she is at least no worse off than if she never had it at all; she may surprise you into respecting her, some day, when success has made her self-reliant and dignified, and for every girl who succeeds a hundred more will brace up and try for success, if they only are let alone.

*

Did you ever see a night funeral? There have been several lately, so perhaps you may have. It is certainly very ghostly and impressive to have the black hearse and feathers, the slow cortege—the whole sad and grief-circled spectacle at night, when nothing takes from the solemnity and sadness of it; with an eye to the eternal fitness of things it seems to me just the right time. Another appropriate little fashion in funereal matters I noticed one day lately. Instead of the usual ghastly rosette and streamers of black or white which flutter on the front door, while some sacred clay awaits sepulture, a father or a mother had fastened on a knot of white flowers. They hung in the frosty air, dying, so sweet, so fair, so mortal, and, is it not true? so beautifully appropriate!

*

From grave to gay! Someone sent me such a sweet Christmas box; just the very thing I wanted. Isn't that rather unusual? I wonder how many dollars will be squandered this week and next on gifts which will not please the recipients? But, you say, a gift is a gift, no matter what it consists of, and you "mustn't look a gift horse in the mouth." Well, most of us do! Not in a financial sense, but in the mouth of fitness and affection. "I must return something for the kindness I have received from you," took the gilding off one Christmas gift I know of. "It is all I could afford, if you'll accept it," took the pleasure out of a second. There was an *arrière pensée* of mercenary calculation and necessity about them both, which was very trying. "I thought I'd give you this, as everyone expects something at Christmas," made the recipient quite ungrateful and cross. "There! take that and buy yourself some gimcrack," was really brutal. All of these are actual Christmas utterances, though, thank heaven, they didn't all come to Lady Gay. Mr. Gay and I are not romantic. We are abominably confidential over our "presenting" intentions. He knows what he's going to get in his sock, and I in my stocking. I sometimes sigh for the ideal, but it doesn't come. Christmas is rather the excuse for, than the occasion of, our mutual gifts. However, we enjoy them, and we don't get card-receivers when we want gloves and slippers, nor smoking caps when goloshes and overshoes would satisfy our cravings better.

*

That is a cute little custom they have in Germany of putting a pair of shoes outside the bedroom door for Santa Claus to fill; and did you ever hear of a pretty American student who went and stood in her lover's shoes when he came groping for his Christmas box in early morning? He was a near-sighted professor who lacked courage to propose, but he took his Christmas present in his arms and remarked, "God is good!" while she, poor thing, blushed and regretted her boldness in a thousand maidenly tremblings, and clattered round to regain her balance, which she would have lots of room to do if her feet were as the feet of her Cinderella sisters, and the professor's boots as generously built as most German feet require!

LADY GAY.

Triolets.

"Can't write those things!" Jessie glared at Susan and me as if she expected us to tell her she couldn't see next. "If that limp poet can do it"—Jessie has quite an unnecessary contempt. He *were* a so-ciety—"I should imagine I can."

"But it's the limp poet's business, Jess," insinuated Susan, turning over the leaves of her beloved Dobson with a faint superior smile. Then I suggested that Jessie's strong points were pie and music, but she ought not to pretend she could poach on the poets' manor. Jessie waxed wrathy and retired to her room with grim determination and a quire of foolscap. Susan smiled at me, and took out the birthday present she was making for Jessie, expecting to have a couple of hours to work at it in peace. But we didn't properly understand Jessie's intellect. In half an hour she came down, and handed us a sheet of foolscap, trying not to look too proud of herself. Here's her attempt:

HE:

That kiss in the dark
You'd forget in a week,
'Twas only a lark
That kiss in the dark;
There is not the least mark
Where it touched your soft cheek.
That kiss in the dark
You'll forget in a week.

SHE:

That kiss in the dark,
He thinks I'll forget it.
Well, I should remark!
That kiss in the dark,
He calls it a lark.
Yet I don't quite regret it,
That kiss in the dark.
He thinks I'll forget it!

Susan looked up, after reading the verses, with more respect in her face than the pies and piano had ever produced. There was something else, too; there was the quick dawning of ambition, reflected, I am afraid, from my own awe-stricken face. We seized the foolscap stealthily—Jessie had gone to the piano to play a triumphant hymn for herself—and slid upstairs, taking Austin Dobson with us for a model. Jessie must have a phenomenal memory, for I don't believe she ever saw one of the things till Susan tried to make her admire them, and got us all into this scrape. I finished mine first, thusly:

"A lark of that kind
Is a risky proceeding;
Yet, with both of one mind,
A lark of that kind
Perhaps you might find
Not so very misleading.
A lark of that kind
Is a risky proceeding."

Susan read it over, with a shocked expression on her innocent face, and said reprovingly:

"I'm going to write a pious one; your sentiments and Jessie's are too disreputable for anything." She may have meant to make hers pretty and proper. I know it's difficult to express the exact shade of one's meaning in a triolet and I make every allowance, but this is what she really produced:

To kiss her soft cheek!
Was a terrible creature!
Now, I call it weak
To kiss her soft cheek,
When it's not far to seek
A more kissable feature.
To kiss her soft cheek!
What a terrible creature!

When we got through admiring ourselves we went softly into Jessie's room and tucked the triolets neatly into the respective toes of her best boots. We were going calling in the afternoon, and we knew she'd find them when she went to dress. The did. She laughed so hard that Jack, who was pretending to study in his room across the hall, seized the pretext to drop his books and come to see if "Jess was going completely off the hooks." Jessie recovered sufficiently to explain matters, and showed him the verses. He was much impressed and demanded:

"Where's yours, Jess?" She gave him her own, too, and the whole four came into his possession. That's why we made our mistake. But we went out calling light-heartedly, and when we returned we realized the full innocence of Jack's youthful mind. Mr. Smithkinson—Susan will tell you who he is if she will say anything at all on the subject, which I doubt—Mr. Smithkinson called in our absence, and as mother was absent also, Jack tried to entertain him. He succeeded, I think, though I never got a clear report of proceedings owing to Jack's sense of humor when he's once made to see the point. But I can imagine the little lunatic saying proudly:

"Those sisters of mine are awfully clever girls; did you know they could write poetry! I'll show you some they made this morning." Really, Jack is only sixteen, but he ought to know better. When we reached the drawing-room he was standing by the window with a delighted smile on his open countenance, and Mr. Smithkinson, limp with laughter, was trying to read the last triolet aloud.

"When it's not far to seek," Susan heard, and retired rapidly upstairs. I think she had reached the first landing before the situation had fully dawned on me, and that wasn't long. If Jessie hadn't been down to, I should have fled too, but Jessie walked into the room as calmly as if she was only facing a cannon, and greeted Mr. Smithkinson with a grand unconsciousness. She asked Jack to go an errand for her with the same sublime ease, and Jack, who's quick enough when he has only facts to deal with—and Jessie's beautiful repose of manner was a fact—gathered up the paper and went. He remarked afterwards, "between two rosy laughs," that it was just elegant the way Jess bluffed poor Smithkinson. It was elegant. He never smiled once throughout the rest of the call, which wasn't a very long time, though Jessie asked him, quite prettily, to stay to tea. I think, myself, that he took pity on my gallant efforts to look as if I'd never heard of any poetry, except fourlined stanzas rhyming at the end of a thousand maidenly tremblings, and clattered round to regain her balance, which she would have lots of room to do if her feet were as the feet of her Cinderella sisters, and the professor's boots as generously built as most German feet require!

MAY KAY.

The Politician.

Nature Intended this Man for Prime Minister and Gave Him None of the Talents Necessary for Smaller Jobs.

BY MACK.

FARMING was not to the taste of Tom Wilson. To be absolutely correct, I should say that while he liked the work of agriculture as well as he could ever like any sort of work, yet he detested farming because it gave him no opportunity to profit from his remarkable abilities. And he had abilities, not fancied, but real, as every Tory in the township declared, and as one out of every two Grits would also admit. As like as not, the other Grit out of every two would fairly fume if you spoke of Tom's ability and would call him a conceited blatherskite. His enemies said that he was too shiftless to make anything pay, and that while he was wool-gathering at political caucuses and in the hotels and offices of the county town knocking the argumentative legs from under the advocates of Free Trade, the fine and well-stocked farm inherited from his father was going to ruin. Tom was a slasher to talk at a political meeting, but they do say that the night he talked the Toronto lawyer silly in the schoolhouse, eighteen of his sheep were frozen in the lane between his house and barn. How could a man think of farm chores on an evening when he had the task of demonstrating the lunacy of free trade and the soundness of protection? Tom's fiercest Grit enemy would admit that that is a fairish day's work for even the cleverest of men.

Tom could prove anything with figures. If you said you were fifty years of age, he would say you only thought so, and he would put down the day of your birth and the exact hour if you could recollect it; then he would talk of the Gregorian and the Julian year, the lunar and calendar month, the odd day in February, the action of the tides on the Atlantic coast, and finally, with a dexterous jab of his pencil he would have your age elucidated in a scientific manner as forty-nine years, three months, four days, six hours and twenty minutes. There you'd be, feeling yourself a boy again. Nobody could dispute such reasoning—he'd let you examine the figures for yourself, while he, triumphantly smiling, rolls his pipe. Then you would notice that, in leaning forward to figure, Tom had upset his coal oil can and would have to pay for another gallon. He could tell you exactly how many cents a day per patient it cost the province to maintain its lunatics and its prisoners. But, say, when he got upon the platform in the schoolhouse with some unfortunate Grit brought from a distance to oppose him, it was wonderful the way he went into the liquor license system, the timber limits question and the Provincial surplus. As for the last, he had it in dollars and cents, itemized, tabulated, etc., and convinced everyone who was open to (such) conviction that there was no surplus, but really a deficit of seven million odd dollars and cents. You could hear the wronged and injured lands of the Crown wailing as they went down under the corrupt hammer of Mowat's auctioneer; by leaning forward just a trifle and placing your hand to your ear, you could plainly distinguish the moaning of the majestic pine trees north of the lakes as they fell before the axe of the Grit marauder wrongfully let loose among them; yes, and by looking out of the window you could see Sadbury afar off with whole mountains of gold and nickel, and copper and iron, while miners lay starving amid such wealth owing to an oppressive and unjust royalty tax which they could not pay.

But, still, when he came out to run for reeve of the township—he wouldn't bother being a councillor—he was beaten by an old German whose speech on nomination day consisted of twenty-seven words and a grunt, and who carried a handful of peas in his pocket for use whenever he had to figure or count above ten.

Tom perceived at once that Providence intended this humiliating defeat to force him out into the big world where such men as he had a chance. He sold his farm and paid the thousand little debts that he had allowed to accumulate. Then he moved to the county town, bought out a lath, lumber, lime and wood yard, joined a church, all the secret societies that he could hear tell of, and people said Tom Wilson had struck the right path at last.

It seemed as if it were true. He swooped into the town council, became chairman of the committee on finance, consolidated the town by-laws, overhauled the sinking fund, engineered a splendid sale of a block of town debentures at ninety-eight and a half cents, and—was defeated when January came around. Tom could scarcely believe it for a moment; then he pulled himself together and forgave the electors on the spot. They didn't know what they were doing. At every council meeting he had to be present to instruct the councillors in municipal law and procedure, collaring them on side and talking sense into them against their inclination—sitting at the rear of the chamber, his calm profundity a reproach to the ingrate electorate, and sending to those around the board written suggestions as to how they could get out of some technical hole, which nobody saw except Tom, but which *he* saw, large and awful as the mouth of perdition.

Do you know, the ingrate electorate cannot tell a calm profundity from a drunken sleep and doesn't recognize a pathetic figure even when it walks abroad every day to be looked at. Tom tried again the following January and was beaten worse than ever. Your surprise at hearing this cannot possibly be greater than Tom's was at this time. He swore so violently and so publicly that he saw fit next day to resign his church membership. The noodles of the town had fell control, and seeing nothing but sure bankruptcy in store for the municipality he decided to sell out while someone could be found foolish enough to buy. When it came to the pinch there was mighty little to sell, for the stock had dwindled away, and cash he had none.

In another town he set up as a commissioner, insurance and sewing machine agent, with plows, hay-rakes and pianos as side lines of occupation. For a month he gave appalling accounts of the business he had in hand—not closed, you know, but just as good as closed. Then that demoniacal pencil of his made the discovery that with nails at so many cents a pound, lumber at so much a foot, wages at so and so, and allowing so much for sundries, there was a deuce of a margin for contractors in building houses—a deuce of a margin! He went at it. His household furniture was sold to satisfy creditors before his first contract was finished.

He invented a new cartridge and a new cuff-button, and when last I met him he showed me a paper on which he had figured out the annual gain to the people of the world derivable from his inventions. There, too, were his profits in indisputable black and white.

In argument he can hold his own—opinion—against any man in America, on or off the platform; everyone who meets him pronounces him very clever; when he is dead he will be called the smartest man his township ever produced. Yet somehow numbskulls have distanced him in every direction in which he has set his face since the day he was born. He is a failure, and I shouldn't wonder if he will be peddling fruit trees next summer.

A Philanthropist.

YES! I'm a philanthropist! a public benefactor! There can be no doubt of the fact; the proof hangs on my library wall in the red, black and gold letters of the illuminated address presented to me by the grateful inhabitants of Foolton, a people remarkable for their powers of penetration, stating that I possess all the qualities and virtues which are the necessary component parts of a philanthropist's character. That address is the source of much benefit to me. It soothes me when attacked by gout; it helps me to forget the misdemeanors of that graceless scamp, my nephew Phil; it takes away the feeling of annoyance caused by the receipt of begging letters; all my troubles and vexations disappear before this testimony of the esteem in which I am held in Foolton. It flatters my Phariasical pride to think that I am so much better than my fellows, it tickles my sense of humor when I reflect that men look up to me, who am just as big a fool as they are, but my greatest amusement is derived from the fact that I, who am the cause of all the bitter feeling and internecine strife for which Foolton is justly celebrated, should be hailed as a philanthropist.

What is a philanthropist? It is a very disagreeable but rich person who pokes his nose into everybody else's business and lives a very long time; when he dies his grateful heirs raise a monument over his tomb as a token of their gratitude to that merciful Providence which has removed him. In this respect this hardly fits me, as I stand aloof from my fellow creatures, but I am rich, disagreeable, and intend to live a long time. It is now forty years since I settled here, and time has not increased my respect or admiration for my neighbors. My nephew Phil is the only being I care for in the world, and the scamp pretends to love me. He is a big, strong, manly fellow, shares my pursuits, smokes my cigars, spends my money, rides my horses, often digs me in the ribs and calls me "old boy," but I can find it in my heart to forgive him all his faults, for he is as great a rogue as I.

Several years ago a wave of philanthropy swept over that portion of the country which boasts Foolton as its center. Everyone who pretended to be abreast of the times fell in with the movement. That is to say, that clergymen preached about it because by so doing they attracted larger congregations, reaped richer rewards by increased returns in the collection plates and enhanced their pew rents; newspaper men wrote it up because they thereby secured a greater number of subscribers; politicians took it up because it obtained for them a greater number of supporters. Everybody suddenly found out that they had not been doing their duty by those who were not as well off as themselves in the matter of worldly goods. Blanket clubs were established, soup kitchens were set going and subscriptions taken up. Those who are spoken of as the "great unwashed," "the submerged tenth," in other words those who marry without adequate means, spend in drink what they should take home to their families, and do their best to give the devil his due, suddenly discovered that they had a claim to free flour, cloth, soap and education, upon society at large. Phil's mother, my only sister, who was then living, fell in line with the rest and attempted to enlist my sympathy with this movement, but I would have none of it. Failing herself to effect her object, she appealed to her friends, who proceeded to lay siege to any obdurate heart, or pockets, and letters poured in upon me from all sides; clergymen, editors, philanthropists of every age, hue and following called upon me until my life became burdensome. I looked forward to the advent of the postman with about as much pleasure as that of the cholera, while my neighbor's visits were the source of as much enjoyment to me as I imagine judgment day will be to society in general. In vain I stated my determination to have nothing to do with their charitable schemes, which I denounced as humbugs; in vain I announced my firm belief in Darwin's law of the survival of the fittest, and said those who could not make a living were not fit to live. I was plagued and pestered until I gave in, but I had both revenge and amusement.

Near the outside of Foolton, but separated from the remainder of my property, I owned a large plot of vacant land, which was used by the inhabitants as a receptacle for refuse and by their children as a happy hunting-ground. It was a bone of contention between a certain Mr. Ardagh, a retired railway contractor, and myself, he claiming right of way over it, I refusing it. I determined to make this land over to the people, attaching certain conditions to the deed of gift, and thereby spite my enemy and obtain relief from the philanthropic pests. So I sent for Grabbitt, my lawyer, and gave him instructions to request the fathers of the city to accept the land as a token of my heartfelt desire to do something for the welfare of the needy inhabitants, to further whose material interests they were devoting their best efforts. My request was accompanied by the deed of gift, which contained the following conditions: The land was to be divided into lots and distributed among the most needy inhabitants; the recipients and their number to be determined by a committee, elected by those poor enough to vote, Mr. Ardagh being named as a suitable chairman. This last was Phil's suggestion. [N.B.—Phil had horsewhipped Ardagh's son for uttering disparaging remarks about myself.] Needless to say that my gift was accepted and my praises were sung. Phil and I awaited further developments. The first incident occurred three days after when the servant ushered into the library, where Phil and I were smoking, five of the most solemn-faced, important-looking men I ever saw. They declined to sit down, and, their leader having blown his nose and cleared his voice, delivered a long speech, and finally presented me with the illuminated address above referred to. The solemn men listened to my reply, drank two glasses of wine each and bowed themselves out. Phil whistled.

The next day the first meeting took place, and after a heated discussion the number of the committee was limited to twelve, to be chosen by ballot. Then the fun began. Thirty-six individuals, anxious to pose as public benefactors, by giving away that which had cost them nothing, solicited the votes of their fellow-citizens and all tried to speak at once; this resulted in three or four fights. Finally twelve men were chosen and the meeting closed, the committee being given a week to obtain information. To go into details concerning the work of that committee, and its successors, for there were several of them, would occupy volumes. It suffices to say that my deed of gift stirred up Foolton as no election ever did. It found employment for all classes; the magistrates and policemen had a busy time, for there were fights galore. Lawyers and doctors pocketed fees for services rendered, while the thirst engendered by public speaking brought a harvest of shekels to the sellers of liquid refreshments. Nor was that all. The newspapers advocated different schemes and their readers wrangled over them bitterly at every street corner; Jones insulted Brown and their wives cut each other in public places; Slumpkins swore at Hopkins with the result that Mrs. Slumpkins left her pew in church when Mrs. Hopkins entered. The climax was reached when Berry, a red-faced butcher, called Ardagh a "bloated haristocrat" and punched young Ardagh's head. Those were great days in Foolton. Finally, disheartened at their ill success, the last committee put the land up to public auction; Grabbitt bought it for an old song, and the proceeds were handed over to the Relief Societies. The inhabitants of the town found themselves somewhat poorer by doctors' bills and the costs of legal proceedings, and split up into as many cliques as there are squares on a Scotchman's plaid. Grabbitt has erected cottages on the ground for the poorer classes and never fails to appear on rent day. He and I are the only two who gained either materially or morally.

DOUGLAS GREGORY.

Sudden.

Sally—Ethel and I are so interested in you.
Jim—Kind, certainly; but why?
Ethel—We had our fortunes told. One is to marry you, and the other is to be bridesmaid.—*Life.*

TWICE LOST:

A Tale of Love and Fortune.

By RICHARD DOWLING,

Author of "The Hidden Flame," "Fatal Bonds," "Tempest Driven," "A Baffling Quest," Etc.

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CHAPTER XXXVII.

ACROSS THE PINE RIDGE.

Crane had lost all count of time long before he emerged from the great primeval forest. There had been periods, stretches of day, beginnings of light to the eastward. By the first light to the eastward he had set his course and then kept on his course all day, bringing the light from his face to his right shoulder as he drove onward, and dropping it behind him later until the sun fell into the west, and he sank guileless and exhausted on the bed of the forest in the thick damp darkness of night.

Now on rising from the grass—the first grass he had seen for days and days—he felt stunned by the fierce unaccustomed sunlight.

He was gaunt, ragged, starved. His cheeks were hollow, his eyes cavernous, his chest hollow, his limbs dried up and shriveled, his beard and hair torn and matted. He had pushed through veils and nets and tangles, and walls of trailers and prickly bands and swaths of great tendrils, until his clothes hung like the withered leaves and festoons and yellow fillets of the woods. His rags were dun and brown from the lichens of the trees and his bed the herbless ground. His hands and face were scratched and gashed from thorns and splinters of the thickets. He looked lower than the degraded Mestizo, more degraded than the savage Indian, more like an ape of the manless forest than a man of the greatest city of men.

He had struggled through the desert of trees towards the east, towards the sea, towards England, towards the woman he loved. He now stood dazed, staring with wasted eyes at the treeless plain. When the rough fangs of tree or trailer had seized him and lacerated him, he had torn himself from them with a plunge forward; forward always; forward towards the east each day; each day setting out with the light of tropical dawn in his eyes, carrying the light of tropical day on his right shoulder, leaving the sun to set unseen behind him on his left. When the fangs of the tree and trailer had lacerated his flesh, but no blood flowed, he took no heed; but if the wound bled it must be staunched, for blood was his only stock or store, the only coin with which he had to pay his way through the awful wilderness to the sea, to England, to his love.

The image of Edith Orr was never in his mind. In the gloom of the savage wood he had put it away as unfitting to his position. With inhuman disregard to the comfort of his body he was goading himself onward through the forest towards her, towards his sweetheart, towards his love. But this was not a time to soften his mind with thinking who she was; who this sweetheart, who this love was. He must not think of Edith Orr and the perfect and mysterious beauty of her lovely womanhood. This was a time for endeavor, for endless sternness, for untamable effort toward the east, towards England. In England lived his sweetheart, an abstraction to which he owed overwhelming duty, rather than Edith Orr, whom he thought of as an exquisite girl with laughing eyes and soft, pliant body, for he was struggling towards her as one struggles in a cause, as one strives for freedom for his race or country. By and by he should hold Edith Orr herself in his arms and feel her breath upon his face and her sighs and sobs in her bosom against his breast. But that thought was too rich for this terrible, barren, lonely wilderness. Now to think of holding her head in the hollow of his arm would sap his strength and drive him mad.

When passion for her had come upon him in the forest he had said to himself:

"I will struggle through all spites and bars to her, for she is my own, my all, my self; but I will not think of her sparkling eyes or her laughing looks, or her circling arms, or her floating hair; for in such thoughts would be softness and weakness and despair. I will think of her only as my sweetheart, the other half of a destiny which is mine and which must be shared with that other half. I will not think of the idol itself, which is past all praise, and too perfect to be thought of, and so dear that while I am here I could not think of her and keep my courage or my reason. I will not think of the idol, but of the faith. I will not think of the girl whose eyes will soften when I look into them, but of the woman who with me is to be one."

With the thought in his mind that the woman destined to make one with him was waiting for him in the climes of the morning, he pushed onward through the forest towards the sun, overbearing all obstacles for his love.

Now the shade and solitude of the forest lay behind him like a grave and the plain of grass before him, the plain of sea beyond that like the land of one from resurrection.

Now spread before him the limitless plain of grass under the limitless plain of sky. He had emerged from the dark mighty catacombs of nature, and stood once more in the midst of light and life upon the upper world.

Peering from the unclouded vault of heaven came the light of God from the sun to the green grass, and on the green grass was life, the life of God; for had not the snake slipped away through the grass at his feet? Had not the antelopes coursed fleetly from the plain in front?

At that time it was in those parts the transition season between the dry months and the rain. Some rain had fallen since the parching ardors of the mid year. Far as the eye could follow earth stretched an unbroken, uncumbered sea of tender, new grass; over head spread one field of unclouded sky with a white, intense sun for apex and eye.

Fate had been at her cruellest with him in the forest. A man in his trade must know something about sun and stars. In the woods under which he had been buried sun and stars had been lost to him. Now the bold sun stood full in view and by night he should once more see the interminable multitude of stars, those illustrious lamps of eternal light which are the finger posts of heaven for lost wanderers on earth. For his journey east the stars were sager guides than the sun. Until night he would stretch himself on the blessed grass, the grass which smelt of sweet, insipid, silver rain and sharp sparkling dew, not sodden ooze from trunk and rotting leaves of immemorial trees sweating in the sultry gloom of the forest.

With a sigh which shook his worn body and his withered limbs, and his ragged tatters, he sank upon the soft verdant ground, stretched wide his arms and legs on the blissful grass and turning his face towards the empty east, slept.

His sleep was as profound and dark as night in the forest. While he had lain at rest under the pall of trees he had been haunted by dreams of horror and despair. Now he slept like a tired child, like a soldier after the march, like a shipwrecked sailor rescued from the barren rock. Now he slept like the dead. No thought of vision entered his mind. He dreamed no dream. But all at once, with a cry of alarm, he sprang to his feet to find between him and the bow full moon, the figure of a man.

"Am I alive?" he whispered, his long hair creeping on his head, his throat dry, his tongue hard with awe.

"Yes," said a deep voice, the voice of the man.

"I am an Englishman on my way to England."

"You stand under the British flag—this is Balize."

"Balize! Honduras. On a pine-ridge! Then I am near the sea."

"A long march from it. Who, and what are you?"

"My name is Crane. I came to Vera Paz to receive property left me. They looted the property and robbed myself."

"You are lucky."

"Lucky?"

"Yes, that they did not hold you at ransom. Guatimala is unsettled, and the Mestizoes are not particular as to how they earn a penny."

"They could get no ransom for me. I am ruined."

"Are you armed?"

"Only with hunger and scars."

"I have had you covered all the while with my revolver."

"Then lower your revolver. Cover me with your charity; tell me my road. I have been lost in the forest and trying to steer east by the light of day."

"And have traveled far not east."

"I could see the sun but seldom in the front, and the stars never. Am I much out?"

"No, you have come through the upland forest and through some pass, and are now within a march of the sea. Was it for the town of Balize you were heading?"

"I tried to head for the sea, I knew no better. When setting out from England I never thought to be a fugitive in these regions."

"Do you know the stars?"

"Ay."

"A sailor?"

"No; a maker of optical instruments."

"Then keep due east, and you cannot miss it. There are jaguars by night, but there are worse and more merciless beasts of prey by day."

"Worse than jaguars by day?"

"Men who hunt the mahogany hunters, and seize them and hold them at ransom."

"Mestizoes?"

"Call them Mestizoes if you will, some are European outlaws. Here, take this. It is a piece of dried beef, and here is a plug of tobacco. Plug may not be what you would call it, but I am forgetting English. I have not spoken so much English for years." The man stepped up to Crane and handed him two parcels each the size of a flat, and stepped back once more, as if not afraid of Crane.

"They will give me strength of body and rest of mind. Will you not let me know your name? that I may thank you and remember you as my greatest benefactor—my greatest benefactor but one."

The stranger ignored Crane's request. "The one who is a greater benefactor is a woman!"

"A woman."

"Then the day will come when I shall have the first place in your memory."

"Why do you say that?"

"Experience. There was once in my life a woman and I thought all the world was made for her delight, and she fooled me until a handsomer man came while I was away, and she took him and threw me off. I met him and we fought, and he never told how the fight ended, and I left England and came here years ago. Steer due east and in a long march you will come upon settled people, and when you come upon them tell them—tell them you met Bill Smith, and that he told you the way and gave you beef and tobacco."

"May I not shake your hand? Can I do nothing for you in Balize?—in England?"

"No! When you tell the people you have met Bill Smith—they will know the name, though my native parish does not know it—you will be glad you have not shaken hands with me. I am one of the European outcasts. Keep due east and remember what I say: One day I will be first in your memory, for the memory of her will only rouse your curses. But keep your hands off your rival's throat. I kept mine on my rival's throat too long. Steer due east. Good night."

The stranger turned away and strode off quickly towards the wood. For a while, holding the tobacco in one hand and the leaf-bound beef in the other, Crane stood staring after the stranger.

At last he shook himself up and looked long at the sky. Then, setting his back against the moon, he moved off across the boundless plain, which, in a low, white mist no higher than his knee, looked like an ocean of silver under the strong white moon.

He was too weak and worn for more thoughts than one: he must keep on due east. Some words this man had said about Edith forgetting him or caring for another man kept beating against his ears, but he was too spent and feeble to hear clearly or realize the import of the words. That talk with his moonlight benefactor had exhausted the strength of his mind. He had energy for nothing but now and then a weary glance at the stars, and for the dumb guidance of his stumbling steps. His head hung low upon his chest; his ragged arms swung loosely from his drooped shoulders, swaying with each movement of body, like the tatters of his coat. He staggered and yawed as though the ground he trod were difficult rocks and shifting sands, and the mist through which he waded were strong and baffling currents of a sea.

Mile after mile over the short grass he held on. He had forgotten everything except that he was bound due east. He had forgotten why he was in this strange country; his expedition to Vera Paz, the cruel losses he had sustained, the robbery he had suffered in the woods, his flight from Vera Paz, his terrible experiences in the primeval forest, his escape from their awful gloom, his encounter with the outlaw on the verge of the forest.

The moon behind him went slowly up over the pale faint stars, stood at its greatest height in the heavens and began to sink towards the limitless horizon.

He never once turned to see the moon, he was not conscious it was moonlight. He had nothing to do with the south or west, which were the regions of the moon. He had to do with only the north and east, where the guiding stars shone and his goal lay.

The moon went down and all was dark save for the stars, those passionless beacons of the sky.

When the moon went down, the stars came closer to him out of heaven and pointed his course with sharper lights. This was the only thing he noticed at the time. The increased brilliancy of the stars acted like a goad. He tottered on more vigorously for a while. It seemed to him as if all the stars behind were in pursuit of him, crowding down upon him like the points of converging spears.

Gradually as he advanced with painful steps, the east seemed to hollow out before him and to widen until it assumed the bewildering amplitudes of infinity.

As he advanced, the stars he faced grew faint and dim. Were they withdrawing from his aid? or was sight failing him?

He raised his head and looked over his left shoulder. The stars and constellations of the north were clear and bright as when he set out upon his lonely march. Overhead and in the south the stars and constellations burned with flames of pristine fire.

Only in the east were the stars failing; only over the road that led to the sea.

Suddenly he drew up and stood quivering in every limb.

He had looked east before the sky had been of dusky blue spotted with pallid stars. Now across the east stretched a line of yellow light, barred with orange like a tiger's skin. Above the head still hung the starry vault of night. From his feet to the yellow wall spread earth, still black with night.

Crane's trembling ceased. He stood stiff with awe. He was fleshless, gaunt, famished. In his rigid hands he still grasped the gifts of the stranger, untouched. He had kept the food and drug for strength and rest, when both should be needed beyond denial, and he could stand even still. He had saved them as a last resort.

As he stood gazing at the brightening east he scarcely breathed. All his faculties were gathered to the sense of sight.

The deeper yellow grew orange—purple—crimson. Then up out of its burning core shot the blazing sun like the fiery heart of a volcano rushing into sight.

Then flashed from the burning shield on the remote verge a long, broad stream of purple light, cleaving a pathway of flaming radiance through the night.

Crane's hands relaxed. The gifts of the stranger fell to earth. With a wild shout he threw his arms aloft and spread his palms towards the august spectacle. Then, with arms still up and palms held out towards the east, he fell upon his knees shouting:

"It is the sea! the sea! The open road to England and my love!"

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A STRANGE EXPEDITION PLANNED.

"You wish to speak to me, Mr. Fancourt?" said Edith Orr, when she and Jeaters were seated in the little room behind the shop after Sherwin's departure.

"On business, yes," said he, looking grave and spreading his hands towards her with a conciliatory and sympathetic gesture.

"Are your rooms unsatisfactory?"

"Oh, no," said he, throwing himself back on his chair and looking as if nothing was further from his mind than fault-finding. "The rooms are all that I could possibly desire, and a good deal more satisfactory than I could ever expect. I wish to talk to you of quite a different matter, and I hope you will not think me impertinent."

She smiled at him and nodded encouragingly.

"I do not know you very long or very well, but I fancy you are not likely to say anything I could think impertinent."

"Miss Orr," said he, sitting up and bowing with gratitude and deference, "I am more obliged to you for your good opinion than I will now try to tell you; but believe me, I am not insensible to your great kindness. I would not—I could not for any consideration on earth be wilfully impertinent to you."

"I am sure of that," she said, beginning to feel a little uncomfortable at this stately and elaborate opening. Of what business could he have to speak to her?

"You know," said he, in a tone of apology, as though he had done her some irreparable wrong and was heartily ashamed of it, "that until it was my good fortune to be accepted as a lodger by your mother I had been living some time over the way at Cresswell's."

She nodded, wondering what was coming.

"It is a wonderful place for gossip, and I could not help hearing some of the talk of the place. Amongst other things I heard of Mr. Crane's journey to America and of—of—of——" he stammered diffidently, "of Mr. Crane's business transactions with Wrighton & Fry——" He paused and looked as if want of courage prevented his going on.

"Yes," she said pleasantly, to encourage him. "He is," she thought, "the most helpless man I ever met in all my life. He is more like a timid girl than a man. He looks like a man who wants a wife of decision to look after him and take care of him."

"I also heard, Miss Orr—I hope you will excuse me—" his manner was deferential and delicate and almost abjectly apologetical—"that the relations between you and Mr. Crane were of a more than friendly character."

She bowed.

"That, in fact, one day Mr. Crane might hope to be the most happy and blest of men." Again he paused.

"Pray go on," she said. "I understand what you mean."

"I assure you," he said, with an air of distress on his handsome face and a trembling of earnestness in his gracious voice, "that I am not using the words of mere compliment or politeness. I mean exactly what I say." He bowed profoundly.

A sudden spasm went through the girl. She grew deadly pale and leant forward. In a low voice she said, fixing her eyes wide open with terror on him, "You have not later news than my letter of Mr. Crane—you have not worse news than I have of him?"

"Oh, no. Please calm yourself, Miss Orr; I am bitterly sorry for having suggested such a thing for a moment. What I wish to say is, that having heard at Cresswell's somewhat of how business matters are here, and having heard a little more from your mother, I hope you will excuse me if I tell you that I am not a very poor man, that I can at any minute lay my hand on a little money, on more for instance than the Wrighton & Fry sum, and that I should be very glad indeed if you will consider me as a much older friend than I am, and count on me as willing to be of any use I can. Good morning," and without giving her time to thank him he left the room.

For a while the girl sat motionless, overwhelmed by the unexpectedness and generosity of Jeaters' offer. When she had risen to go into the shop to speak to her mother of the extraordinary affair, she stood still for a moment, her eyes filled with tears of gratitude, and she murmured:

"And this is the man who a little time ago was suspected of wanting to get into this house with a view to robbing us. Thank God!" clasping her hands and raising them to heaven, "I never committed that awful injustice against this man!" Then, recollecting who it was that had suggested the suspicion of Jeaters' honesty, she checked further thought in that line, and compromised between the suspicion and the suspected by adding: "If my Jack were here he would know how to thank Mr. Fancourt for this noble and disinterested offer."

Meanwhile Ben Sherwin had got the parcel of shirts from Mrs. Orr and crossed the river to North Furham.

His heart had been greatly relieved by his interview with Edith. He had not laid before her the precise state of his mind as to the great question of falling in love. He did not like to be quite plain with her on the matter, the real fact being that he had a wholesome apprehension of his own weakness, of the inflammableness of his heart, and he did not consider he could prudently continue to meet this beautiful girl daily unless he adopted the precaution of being in love with another.

"Of course," he had often said to himself, in reasoning over the situation, "I am not such a fool or blackguard as to think of Miss Orr myself. But I am as weak as water and her beauty always confuses me in her presence. I am always asking myself, Is it possible so much loveliness and grace, and all the rest of it could fall to the lot of any man? To-day, somehow, I couldn't get on at all. When she looked at me I seemed to choke, so all came out, and I am glad of it, and with the help of goodness I'll be safely in love with Mary, Kate, or Jane of Hoxton (not that I know the name of any one of them) by this day week."

Ben had duties connected with Water lane, in the Isle of Dogs. He called at the workshop and then set off for Mrs. Natchbrook's, his heart growing lighter and lighter at every step as he thought of the happy solution of his difficulty with his friend and partner's sweetheart. It was also a great relief that for the future he might look to her for help and guidance in all matters of importance connected with the absent man.

All at once, with an unpleasant shock, he remembered the unpleasant and extreme means by which the girl proposed raising the necessary money, but with an effort of will or from a desire to shirk the contemplation of an act which he regarded as humiliating, he thrust the idea from him and went on his way whistling and taking a strong physical delight in his quick walk through the brisk cold air.

Mrs. Natchbrook was always pleased to see the gay, light-hearted Ben, and made him welcome. She shook him by the hand and told him he was pleasanter to see than the flowers of May, and that a visit from him did her and the whole district good.

He gave her the parcel of shirts and Edith's message, and asked the kind-hearted florid widow how Mrs. Blackwood was getting on.

"Getting on!" cried the good woman with a

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YELLOW SUGARS Of all Grades and Standards.

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smile. "Why, she's very nearly as well as ever—that is," she added, with a little look of care, "nearly as well as ever in body—but as to her mind, I'm not so sure. Anyway, if Mr. Crane was to come back now he wouldn't know her, she is so improved since he left."

This reference to Crane made Ben on his part a little grave, but he thought it better not to say anything about the news from America.

Seeing him change countenance, the woman hastened to say, "I do not say there is anything wrong with the poor dear's mind, and maybe this new whim she has got may be all for the best and the trip may do her good."

"Trip, Mrs. Natchbrook! You don't mean to say she is going away anywhere away from London," said Ben in astonishment.

"No, no. She is not thinking of going away from London, or indeed I may say anywhere away from the Isle of Dogs—leastway, only for a few hours, yet it's a clear start all the same, but my son Jim will be with her and my son's wife, and although they are going in old George Sayers's boat, and he's no great shakes, she will be as safe with Jim and Nancy as if she was in her own room upstairs. When she said she must go and that no one but Sayers must take her and that she would not go without Nancy, Jim said he would go too."

"But, Mrs. Natchbrook, where on earth are they all going in a boat? To town?"

"To town? No. Why, going to town would be nothing to speak of. You see, Sayers and Jim picked her up that night; long ago—the night she had the accident or what not, and they know where they picked her up, and she wants Sayers to row her over there, to the very spot where they picked her up. She says she used to have a mortal dread of the river, but that is all gone now, and she is sure nothing in the world could do her so much good as to go once more to the place where she was near losing her life months ago. Anyway, she seems so bent on it that I would not answer for what might happen if she is not gratified. But, oh—I forgot, I ought not to tell you a word of this, or anyway I ought not to have told you a word about it until I got a promise from you, and now you must give me the promise although I have told you first."

"And what promise do you want, Mrs. Natchbrook?"

"Well, she says on no account at all is Miss Orr to know anything of it, and I told her I'd give her my word Miss Orr is not to know of it, and so you must give me your promise not to say a word about it to Miss Orr."

"But I think Miss Orr ought to know of it."

"That is not what I am asking you at all," said Mrs Natchbrook, with severity. "If you did not give me your word I would not have told you only it slipped from me in a moment of forgetfulness. If you take advantage of my slip and tell Miss Orr you would not be acting as the honorable man I take you for. I promised Mrs. Blackwood, and you must promise me, or we shall not be friends any more, Mr. Sherwin."

"Well, I suppose there is no harm in the thing, and I suppose I must promise. You have my word for it. And when are they to go on this mysterious cruise?"

"To-night."

"To-night? At night! What hour?"

"About twelve."

"About twelve at night on the river in the middle of winter!"

"Some things you have heard, Mr. Sherwin, and some things I know that you are not to hear," said she impressively, severely. "She lost everything a while ago—when she was found in the river. She says if this is done for her she may find out something she lost then."

"Well, well, women are strange! You will give her the shirts! Edward Fancourt is the name to be marked on them, and no doubt Miss Orr has told Mrs. Blackwood."

(To be Continued.)

The Romance of Frenchman's Bay.

This Historical Narrative Deals with the Days of Wolfe and Montcalm and Shows How Frenchman's Bay on Lake Ontario Came by its Name.

Near the middle of the last century there lived in the quiet little village of Westerham in the County of Kent, England, a widowed lady and her only daughter. Both were highly respected, the latter doubly so as it was well known among all classes that she was the affianced wife of the brave Wolfe who had already won the hearts of his countrymen by daring deeds against the foes of his island home. His frequent visits to Westerham had made his face familiar to all. Rumors were abroad that he was likely to command an expedition to America against Britain's ancient foe. Upon one of these visits he made the acquaintance of Lieutenant R., who had seen some service in the guards, and a real friendship sprang up between them that only ended on the blood-stained Heights of Abraham. Both felt that they were on the eve of stirring events, as Pitt, the great commoner, had been recalled to the councils of his nation, and Lieutenant R. had obtained a promise from Wolfe that he would use his influence to get him transferred to one of the Scotch regiments that were already making preparations to become part of the expedition to Canada. Lieutenant R.'s father highly approved of his son's wish to see foreign service, for not only did he wish his son to win distinction in his chosen profession, but rumors were from time to time brought to him that the high-spirited youth was paying addresses to a young lady whom he considered beneath him in point of birth and station. His father felt that one long, foreign campaign would cure him of such folly.

The parents of this second young lady were worthy people who had amassed a considerable wealth by trade, and felt no little pride in their house that for two generations had met all obligations. Their only child was their daughter Helen, and she was all they could wish, tall, beyond the ordinary, strongly built and active. Her delight was in outdoor exercise. Her parents had not neglected her education, for she was skilled in all that was then thought necessary for woman to know. Nature, too, had endowed her with more than ordinary beauty and grace. Her chief delight was in the chase. She could manage as fiery a horse and ride as recklessly as any of her male companions. Rowing had also often been her pastime, and her muscles had become so steady and strong that few cared to enter the lists against her in rowing or in the expert use of firearms. No wonder she won the admiration of all her military friends, particularly so dashing a young officer as Lieutenant R.

So far Helen had shown no preference for any of those who had sought her hand, but her quiet way showed she had a mind of her own, and where she gave her hand her whole heart must go. Thus matters stood when Lieutenant R. received an order from the Guards to join the—4th Highland Regiment that was about to embark for Canada, to present his commission to the officer in command and await further orders from General Wolfe, commander of the expedition.

Lieutenant R. sought and obtained an interview with Helen. He told her of his love for her in a manner worthy of a soldier and a gentleman. Although Helen had long expected this, she felt the difference in their family would hardly warrant her in consenting to become his wife. She was sure his people would not look upon her acceptably. She hesitatingly told him her fears, but said that on his return if her father did not object she would become his wife. Thus they parted.

Wolfe could pay a hurried visit to her he loved so well, and bid her to cheer up as he hoped soon to return to her. A hope, alas! that was never fulfilled.

Meantime Lieutenant R. had paid his respects to his new commander and received orders to go on board the flagship until they arrived in America. He felt that one parting with Helen was enough, so merely wrote her the particulars. That night the romantic girl's resolution was taken. As the expedition was to sail in two days, she wrote a hastily worded note to her parents and disappeared. Eight thousand veteran troops were hurrying forward to the point of embarkation by every available road. The press gang was not idle and many a brave sailor was taken who never returned. Just before the fleet weighed anchor the press gang brought on board a man whom they had arrested, apparently not against his will, whose only wish was that he might be taken on the flagship. This was done. As the Scotch officer said, he was "a beardless laddie, too young for sic a place."

Amid the wildest enthusiasm the fleet weighed anchor. To tell how the expedition added a continent to the British realm would be outside our purpose, nor can we pause to relate how Lieutenant R. and the brave McDonald captured the French sentries and were first to lead the way to the heights above Quebec, nor to tell how the "wee beardless laddie" won fame in the hospitals. I can only quote the words of a blunt old soldier, "Did ye ever see sic a young callent wi' sic a nack at nursing?" Lieutenant R fell severely wounded almost at the same moment that the brave Wolfe was killed. He was carried to the hospital but in the hands of a skilful surgeon and with the unremitting attention of the wee laddie, slowly but surely regained his usual health. By early spring he was able to take an active part in the defence of the city they had so bravely won. The French were compelled to retreat and Quebec passed forever to the British crown.

Lieutenant R. remained with his regiment until the following spring, when he was ordered to take a detachment of twenty Highlanders and proceed to Fort Rouelle (now Toronto) and take possession in the name of His Britannic Majesty. The expedition was to start in June. The wee laddie asked for the post of secretary to the expedition, which was granted. Everything being ready they started, procuring supplies at Montreal and Three Rivers, while at Fort Frontenac they secured a trusty Canadian *voyageur* as guide and pilot. They proceeded slowly along the north shore, beholding for the first time the dark blue waters of Lake Ontario. What a grand holiday was this after nearly two years of fortress life! Camping at night in some bay or inlet, they arrived at the close of one afternoon at what is supposed now to be Duffin's Creek (Pickering). They proposed to camp until the morning, but the French-Canadian guide said that a few miles farther on was a beautiful little bay, where used to live an old Frenchman and an Indian squaw who would tell them his history, as he had told him two years before. The secretary expressed a wish to go on, but others objected. Finally Lieutenant R. said he would take the secretary, the Canadian and four men, while the others could follow in the morning. The small party set out, the guide saying that cedar bushes were always kept planted at the entrance, so that it would be easy to find the entrance to Frenchman's Bay. About an hour's rowing brought them into the entrance of this beautiful bay, but no Frenchman and his Indian wife were there to greet them. His cabin had been burned down and no trace of him could be found. Drawing up their boats and securing them near the eastern corner of the bay, the men proceeded to arrange their camp for the night, some cutting bushes for beds, others lighting fires to cook the evening meal. Supplies had been carried along, among other things a case of French brandy. Their guns were left in the boats, no thought being had of danger. Meantime the secretary had strayed back near the boats, out of view of the camp, and sat down on a log watching the darkness creeping over the silent lake. The hoarse croaking of the frogs, the sharp twitter of the mud hens had no charm for him. A feeling of home-sickness for absent friends in England possessed him, a wonder when this strange life would end. Lieutenant R. had stated only a few days ago that he did not think he should ever return to England as she who was all in all to him had disappeared about the time the expedition had sailed and had not been heard of since. What would he do now if he knew all?

What was that? The dreaded war whoop! A mad rush, a deadly struggle, and all was over. On the ground lay the Canadian, the four Highlanders and Lieutenant R., all bound hand and foot. To rush to the boats and seize a rifle and knife was the work of a moment and concealed behind some cedar bushes the secretary watched the result. The Indians seemed to be holding council. Presently five Indians were left to guard the prisoners; the rest glided back into the forest, no doubt to acquaint some superior chief and ask how to dispose of the captives.

The feelings of the prisoners can hardly be described. They knew a lingering death awaited them if not rescued before the return of those who had just gone. What had become of the secretary? They had hopes in that quarter. The secretary was not idle, but watched every movement, hoping to see some chance to release the prisoners.

Indian curiosity soon led the natives to examine the white men's stores. The case of French brandy was soon opened, and not knowing its strength they soon lost control of themselves, except one, who refused to drink. But in attempting to control the others he was powerless. "One sober Indian always." They shouted and danced until nature could stand it no longer, and one by one they fell down in a drunken sleep. Now was the chance and the only one. The secretary slowly cocked the rifle so that the click of the lock could not be heard by the sharp-eared savage, raised the rifle, took deliberate aim and fired at the broad breast of the Indian, who dropped, shot through the heart. Rushing up and cutting the thongs that bound the prisoners, the secretary urged them to run for the boats. One Indian, not so drunk as the others, threw his tomahawk at the head of Lieutenant R., but missed his mark, the weapon breaking the secretary's arm near the shoulder.

"You tam'd Deevil!" yelled a gigantic Highlander, braining him on the spot, and before the secretary or Lieutenant R. could interfere the other three shared the same fate.

Morning found them standing well out in the lake waiting for their comrades to join them, which they did earlier than expected. They made all haste to Fort Rouelle, as the secretary was suffering severe pain but refused to allow anyone to take off the clothes that covered the broken arm. Arriving at the fort they found it deserted by its military occupants, only the good Father Lafiam, a Roman Catholic priest of the Jesuit order, a few French *habitants* and some Christian Indians being there. The good Father kindly welcomed the new arrivals and said he had some knowledge of surgery and would do what he could. His kindly face won the confidence of the secretary, who consented to retire with the priest and have the bone set. Imagine the surprise of the good Father when he discovered his patient to be a woman. This discovery of her sex after her long concealing of it completely broke her down, and with tears and sobs she told her story. Lieutenant R. was called in and was made acquainted with the facts. He could not believe it true, but by degrees the truth was forced on him, and he wept like a child when he thought of all she had done through pure love for him. He kissed her again and again and called her his Helen. Why had she done it? Did not he own her his life twice, once in the hospital and once at Frenchman's Bay?

The good priest advised them to get married at once. Lieutenant R. eagerly consented and Helen could not object. Meantime the good priest attended to the broken limb, which proved only an ordinary broken bone which soon mended. They never returned to England. Lieutenant R. sold his commission and settled on some land in the neighborhood of the fort, and on the arrival of the first Governor, he, learning their history, gave them a grant of land. Their descendants yet remain in Toronto, and sometimes tell this story to their children.

The Canadian also remained with them and shared their lot. About six months after, the Frenchman and his Indian wife, from whom Frenchman's Bay received its name, were introduced into the log cabin which Lieutenant R. called his home, and the Frenchman was induced by the Canadian to tell the strange story of his life, which we hope to give some future time.

Pickering, Dec. 1892. D. F. Every.

And no answer came to greet me
No sweet voice to mine replied;
But I heard the waters rippling
And the moaning of the tide.

FATAL! THAT IS A TRAGIC WORD!

There is a good deal of rain in Canada. The property of rain is to wet. It is vexatious. It is dangerous. Sometimes it is fatal

In the city there is the friendly door or archway. In the country there are only the sky and fields. The rain has too much room. That is the trouble.

What a perverse thing life is.

You have had your eye on that adjoining farm. The other fellow steps in and buys it.

You have had your heart set on that pretty Miss Sweetbrier in the village. The other fellow gets the first prompt word in, and you are lost.

There is a concert in the Town Hall. You promised to take Miss Mossrose. The rain falls in torrents,

AND YOU HAVE NOT GOT A MELISSA.

"Ah," says Miss Mossrose sweetly to your rival, "we have both got our Melissas, and so can defy both wind and rain."

And here is a profound moral—the man who misses opportunity is forever lost.

We must have the heart and hand to dare at the right moment,

AND MELISSA FOR THE COLD AND RAIN.

And that is about the whole of life.

A handsome Tweed overcoat with plenty of warmth. A perfect rain-proof garment, which can defy all the waters of Niagara, and yet as porous as ordinary cloth. That is Melissa.

Melissa, after the misery of the rubber coat, is a joy. The note it strikes is comfort. Solid, unmitigated, abiding comfort.

Be sure you get the real "Melissa." All genuine porous rain-proof cloths are stamped in wax with the Melissa trade mark seal and Melissa garments have the trade mark label attached. None other genuine.

The Melissa Manufacturing Co.
MONTREAL
J. W MACKEDIE & CO.
Wholesale Agents for the Dominion.

A Pleasing Result.

Scene—A minister's study.
Time—Christmas morning.
(Enter group of pupils.)
Spokesman—Mister teacher: Us boys what is Sunday school pupils under you, wishin' to show our 'preciation of the pains you have took with our moral trainin' during the past year, beg you will accept this here book as a token of our love and esteem. It's the life of Jim Corbett, an' it's bound as han'somely as we could get it did, an' we wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year!

California and Mexico.

The Wabash Railway have now on sale round trip tickets at very low rates to southern points, including Old Mexico and California. The only line that can take tourists via Detroit through St. Louis and Kansas City and return them via Chicago and *vice versa*. Finest equipped trains on earth, passing through six states of the Union. Spend a winter in Mexico, the land of the Aztecs and Toltecs; finest climate and scenery in the world and older than Egypt. Time tables and all information about side trip at new ticket office, north-east corner King and Yonge streets. J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, Toronto.

The Latest Strike.

"Paper, mister! All about the holsters strike!"

English Tourist (gathering data for a book)—Great heavens! what a country! Hoysters on a strike! Must make a note of this!

New Facts About the Dakotas

is the title of the latest illustrated pamphlet issued by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway regarding those growing states, whose wonderful crops the past season have attracted the attention of the whole country. It is full of facts of special interest for all not satisfied with their present location. Send to A. J. Taylor, Canadian Passenger Agent, 4 Palmer House Block, Toronto, Ont., for a copy free of expense.

The Only Ones.

"The Barton ball was very select. There were only two common people on the floor."
"Who were they?"
"Mr. and Mrs. Barton."

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Please Transpose.

She—What did we do at the farm? Oh, the girls hugged the stove and the men smoked.
He—Why didn't the men hug the girls and let the stove smoke?

Fatal Result of Delay.

Sickness generally follows in the path of neglect. Don't be reckless! but prudently take a few doses of Scott's Emulsion immediately following exposure to cold. It will save you many painful days and sleepless nights.

The Remains.

"Is that Ralph Hownow, who was mentioned in his late uncle's will?"
"Yes; one million dollars went to charity and what was left of the estate to Ralph."
"Indeed; and what was left?"
"Ralph."

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Dr. W. Greaves, Northfield, Minn., says: "I have used it in cases of nervous prostration, and also in combination with other remedies in indigestion, it has proved as satisfactory as could be expected."

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Old Clerk—They never bother about prices when things are to be charged.

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Cultured Foreigner—I do not see how that vulgar woman came to be a leader of society.
Mr. Forundred—Ah! but you have never tasted her wines. After a few glasses you would think her an angel.

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Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK
Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD
Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE
is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.
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Music.

ON Thursday evening of last week was inaugurated a new departure in choir work which I hope to see repeated and imitated on many future occasions. This was the performance of Gaul's Holy City by the Jarvis street Baptist church choir, augmented to some eighty voices and accompanied by an orchestra of thirty-five instruments. The enterprise and energy of Mr. A. S. Vogt, organist and choirmaster of the church, in arranging this entertainment are most creditable and must be felt by many to afford a quietus to the suspicion he has fallen under of being an iconoclast as far as oratorio is concerned. The work chosen is ambitious in detail and differs from oratorio—modern oratorio, that is—only in size, and its study by the singers who performed it cannot but have broadened their knowledge of and sympathy with the higher forms of choral music. Such ordeals as the performance of a connected work of some length, difficulty and excellence, always increase the readiness and self-reliance of a choir and add to its cohesion and *esprit de corps*. The Holy City is bright and melodious, with some fine specimens of scholarly part writing. The solo work is interesting and enjoyable. Altogether, the subject chosen by Mr. Vogt was one that well answered his purpose and whose details pleased the large audience which filled Association Hall.

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The chorus was well balanced and contained many fine voices. The ladies' voices were very bright and sweet, the tenors clear and robust, while the basses were solid and sonorous in tone. The tone of the chorus was good and full, the attacks were prompt and precise, though there was an unfortunate tendency among the soprano to "scoop." The utmost pains had evidently been taken with the rehearsal of the work, and the sturdy certainty with which the phrases of the composition were delivered was most refreshing. The difficult double chorus at the close of the work was extremely well sung, and another chorus number pleased the audience so much that it had to be repeated. Special praise is due to the singing of the unaccompanied numbers, which were carefully and correctly rendered. The contrasts of light and shade throughout the chorus singing were most effective. The orchestra which Mr. Vogt had organized for the occasion was composed of some of our best instrumentalists and showed careful rehearsal. As is always the case with any but the most lavishly supported orchestras, the wind section rather preponderated over the strings, and some of the best effects were not brought out to the fullest extent. The length and continuity of the points rather severely tried the intonation of the instruments, yet, technical details of the band considered, Mr. Vogt may well congratulate himself upon his maiden effort with an orchestral performance. The accompaniments to the choruses were played with precision and certainty, while the voices of the soloists were carefully considered and supported. As a conductor, Mr. Vogt showed himself well supplied with force, decision and resource, and he had his followers well under control.

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In the choice of his soloists, Mr. Vogt was very happy, although he ventured to place important numbers in the hands of *debutantes*. A beautiful number, These are They, was sung by Miss Lilli Kleiser with grace and feeling. She has a fine mezzo-soprano voice which is rich in sympathetic quality and expressive power. Miss Hattie Morrell gave a very pleasing rendition of the number allotted to her, and showed a voice of great purity and sweetness. Miss Laura Sturrock sang the contralto solos with conscientious care. She has a voice of great sonority, richness and weight, and her evident earnestness shows a future full of promise. A trio, unaccompanied, was excellently sung by Miss Jardine-Thomson, Miss Louise Sauermann and Miss Sturrock. Mr. Edward J. Lye sang his solo with considerable dramatic power, and Mr. Harry M. Blight sang the exacting baritone solos with ease and finish. In the first part of the evening the orchestra played several numbers, Meyerbeer's Coronation March being performed with great spirit and precision. An effective rendition of two numbers from Edward Grieg's Peer Gynt suite followed. Miss Jardine-Thomson sang With Verdure Clad with great care and finish. Her voice has broadened in volume and purity and her style is impressive and dignified, especially suited to oratorio. A novelty on the programme was the performance of a romanza for 'cello and orchestra, composed and played by Mr. Guiseppe Dinelli. Mr. Dinelli is to be congratulated upon his effort on both grounds. It is a most pleasing work and his performance was extremely good.

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The same evening saw a gathering of happy and enthusiastic young people at the College of Music, when the students of that institution gave their annual conversazione. The place was crowded and the evening a delightful one. The pretty colors of the college, scarlet and gold, bordered by the 'Varsity blue and white, were everywhere to be seen. A fine programme was performed, in which the participants were: Mrs. Klein, Miss Marguerite Dunn, Mrs. H. W. Webster, Mr. B. L. Faeder, Mr. T. C. Jeffers, Mr. H. M. Field, Mr. H. W. Webster, Mr. Paul Morgan, and the University Glee Club, the latter being directed by its president, Mr. Percy W. P. Parker. The soloists all did their best and were warmly applauded, many encores being demanded.

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In St. George's Hall on Thursday evening, January 5, under the patronage of the Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, a concert will be given by Miss McCutchon, assisted by Miss Kingsmill, Rev. Prof. Clark, and Mr. E. W. Schuch.

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A concert will be given in the hall of the Y. W. C. A., 18 Elm street, on Monday evening, December 19. The Misses Hodgert and McKay, Messrs. F. W. Lee, Sparks and James, vocalists; the Misses Howland, violinistes; and Mrs. F. W. Lee, pianiste, are among those taking part in the programme. A collection will be made at the door.

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On Saturday evening the Toronto Conservatory of Music gave its first quarterly concert of the season in Association Hall before a large and interested audience. The programme was a long and varied one, and its performance reflected great credit upon both teachers and pupils, and afforded much pleasure to the audience. The details were as follows, the performers being pupils of Miss Dallas, Sig. F. D'Auria, Conservatory School of Elocution, Mr. Edward Fisher, Sig. G. Dinelli, Mrs. J. W. Bradley, and Mr. A. S. Vogt: Organ, Sonato (Mendelssohn), Miss Edith J. Miller; vocal Afterwards (Mullen), Mr. D. F. Maguire; reading, The Blind Girl (Longfellow), Miss Hermenia Walker, A. T. C. M., with accompaniment by Sig. G. Dinelli; piano, Sonato, C. Sharp Minor, Op. 27 No. 2 (Beethoven) Mrs. M. D. Barr; violoncello, Vito (Popper), Miss Lillian M. Littlehales; vocal, Softly Sighs—Frauchetz—(Weber), Miss Mary Winstanley Pridham; piano, Quartette, A Minor (Jadasson), Miss Minnie Gaylord and Messrs. J. Bayley, E. Corlett and Sig. G. Dinelli; reading, To-morrow at Ten (Perry), Miss Eva G. May, A.T.C.M.; piano, Andante and Rondo Capriccioso, Op. 14 (Mendelssohn), Miss Franziska Heinrich; vocal, More Regal in His Low Estate—*Reine de Saba*—(Gounod), Miss Theresa Roliri; violin, *Le Retour de Paladin*—Polonaise, Op. 42 (Leonard), Miss Lena M. Hayes; vocal, *E strano! E strano!*—Traviata—(Verdi), Miss Hortense Jones; piano, Concert-struck (Weber), Miss Julia F. McBrien—orchestral accompaniment, 2nd piano, Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, A.T.C.M., and Conservatory String Quartette; organ, Toccata, A Flat (Hesse), Mr. W. H. Hewlett, Jr.

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The Canadian Society of Musicians has assumed the patronage of the concert to be given on Tuesday evening, December 27, by the Theodore Thomas Orchestra, and its members and associate members will have free admission to the dollar seats upon exchanging their coupons for tickets at Messrs. I. Suckling & Sons.

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Mr. H. W. Webster has been appointed choirmaster of St. Peter's church and conductor of Victoria University Glee Club. METRONOME.

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The generous proposition of H. A. Massey, Esq., to erect (as a memorial to his late son) a music hall for Toronto, at a cost of $100,000, has aroused feelings of pleasurable anticipation in the hearts of a long-suffering public. I sincerely trust that the committee which has been appointed to devise a scheme whereby such a building might become self-supporting, will succeed in their task of solving this feature of the undertaking and thus guarantee the erection of what must prove an inestimable boon to the cause of music in this city.

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The Pavilion is becoming more exasperating as it grows older. Public taste continues to advance while the Pavilion, which never was remarkable for beauty or comfort, grows dingier and more dismal in proportion as the desire for luxury and ease increases. Each succeeding concert reminds us of our martyrdom in this respect, and the poor structure is condemned in terms which have become stereotyped through the frequency of their use.

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The pet designation of "old barn" seems to cling most fondly to the much abused Pavilion. I can remember the look of unutterable disgust upon the countenance of the great pianist, Moritz Rosenthal, on the occasion of a concert given at the Gardens several years ago, at which he performed. He had made some preliminary enquiry about the hall and was told of its humble luxuriousness, and consequently was not anticipating anything palatial. The Grenadiers, under whose auspices the concert was given, had prepared several tableaux in which the presence of a number of officers' chargers was required. As Rosenthal was ushered into the building at the rear of the platform and obliged to pass in among the horses to reach his dressing-room, he involuntarily exclaimed, "*Um Gottes Willen!*" his countenance indicating plainly the depth of his injured feelings. He evidently had not expected anything quite so realistic when his informant spoke of the barn-like features of our leading concert hall.

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That portion of our concert-going public which has been accustomed to form its opinion of a performance by the comments in the daily press on the following morning, will be shocked to learn that the utmost reliance is not always to be placed in the sincerity or reliability of such reports. Making all allowance for local pride and the laudable custom of dealing leniently and encouragingly with local musical effort, it is sad to think that much that is written by our capable local critics is the result of pressure brought to bear upon them before the performances and does not always represent their true opinions or anything resembling them. So, at least, we are informed by the Toronto correspondent of a Montreal contemporary, who speaks with some evidences of authority. In very many cases, it seems, the "criticism" is in reality written or determined upon before the performance takes place. I can recollect a recent instance to this effect. The regular critic of a daily paper having another engagement, deputized a substitute to write a report of the performance, cautioning him, however, on no account to mention any glaring weaknesses in the production, but on the other hand to be lavish in praises of the strong features. Where the task of reproducing such effusions as honest criticism is so prolent in Toronto, the poor critic verily is sometimes an object of commiseration and through no fault of his own. And yet a greater object of pity is he who must needs move the planets in order to muzzle the much abused critic.

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I am pleased to notice the activity which is characterizing the preparations of the Canadian Society of Musicians for their convention during the Christmas vacation. The programme attractions for this year promise to be especially interesting and instructive. The visit of the great Theodore Thomas Orchestra will of course be the crowning feature of the proceedings. We must not, however, underestimate the entertainment to be furnished by our native talent. The essays are in capable hands, and the convention will bring together an array of pianistic talent such as has not graced the proceedings of any former year. In Messrs. Field, Martin and Tripp we have a trio of doughty pianistic warriors who would do credit to any land, and representing as they do different styles and methods, their performances will carry with them a certain educating effect which cannot but prove beneficial to members of the society. The fair sex will be ably represented by Miss Gurney, whose genial style has won her so many admirers.

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Dr. Carl Reinecke, musical director of the Royal Conservatory of Music, Leipzig, in speaking of the extent to which the American nature had begun to assert itself in the world of art, referred to the tendency among the younger nations to indulge in too highly spiced musical food. The desire for sensationalism in music was a feature of American taste. Dr. Reinecke recommended a more general cultivation of the works of Mozart as an antidote for this state of affairs. To hear Dr. Reinecke interpret Mozart is indeed a revelation, whether in his capacity as solo pianist or as orchestral conductor. It is plainly evident that he is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the great genius whose works are so frequently misheard at nowadays on account of their ultra simplicity of form. Veneration for the old classical composers is perhaps carried to excess at Leipzig Conservatory, which is rated as possessing a conservative faculty and a decidedly aggressive and progressive student spirit. However, the other extreme is a danger against which our own educational institutions might well be warned. In this country, where the financial aspect of the cultivation of music predominates, teachers and institutions are tempted in self-protection to indulge in sensationalism to a greater extent than in countries where the aid of the state places similar schools on a more independent basis. It is gratifying, however, to note that even in this practical land a more serious and earnest tone is beginning to assert itself. The process is a slow one and there are many difficulties in the way of attaining to anything approaching an ideal state of affairs, but we have every reason to feel hopeful and take courage. The musical history of this portion of the universe, particularly of some portions of the American states, is one of which we have no reason to feel ashamed, and of which we may reasonably expect great things in the future.

MODERATO.

Turn About.

"Did your wife listen to your excuse for staying out so late last night?"

"Oh, yes; she listened to me and then——"

"Then what?"

"I listened to her—for five hours."

A. E. V.

Satisfactorily Explained

She (to husband)—I could have married either Whipper or Snapper if I'd wanted to, and both of those men whom I refused have since got rich, while you are still as poor as a church mouse.

He—Of course. But I've been supporting you all these years. They haven't.

A. E. V.

International Amenities.

A German and a Frenchman sat opposite each other at a *table d'hote* in a Swiss hotel.

"You are a Frenchman, I supposes!" enquired the German at the commencement of the meal.

"Yes," was the reply; "but how did you manage to find that out?"

"Because you eat so much bread," said the German. There was a long pause. When the dinner was over the Frenchman in his turn questioned his *vis-a vis*:

"You are a German, I presume?"

"To be sure; but tell me, pray, how you made that discovery."

"Because you ate so much of everything," was the dry retort.—*Schweizer Volksmund.*

A Nonchalant Bride.

It was at the hotel table, and they looked suspiciously like a bridal couple, but their conversation seemed to disprove the theory. He had explained in rather loud tones that he had sewed the loop on his overcoat with white thread, and she had told him that if he'd had any ingenuity he could have made it black by drawing it through the ink bottle. So that everyone could see they were "old married people," for a bride would have reproachfully asked him why he hadn't let her do it.

Then they began to order their dinner.

"Will you have a redhead duck or a mallard?" he asked.

"I'm sure I don't know," she returned airily. "I don't know the difference between a redhead duck and a blue-eyed pheasant."

This flippancy disconcerted him for a moment, but he seemed to remember something and went on:

"Well, how do some broiled quails strike you?"

"Broiled or stewed, it's immaterial to me," she answered nonchalantly.

Then he became cross and delivered himself of an opinion.

"See here, Alice, you've got to decide. I don't want to go and order something for our first dinner——"

And then he suddenly paused as Alice moaned:

"Oh, hush! I knew you'd forget. You've given it away after all my attempts to seem so old married! Oh, Ralph!"

And the hearers thought again of the stupidity of men, and how it ruthlessly destroys all that the *finesse* of woman accomplishes. And they also wondered again why the victims of a wedding journey should regard themselves as criminals.—*Chicago Times.*

Quite Safe.

The Clergyman—My friend, why do you indulge in games of chance?

Traveler (in a whisper)—Mum's the word, parddyuc. There ain't no game of chance. The duck I'm playing with don't know the first principles of the game.

Capable.

Stuart—Was it protection that enabled Fergall to acquire his enormous wealth?

McCaustic—Certainly; for six years he was a New York police captain.

Satisfactory Under the Circumstances.

She—My husband must be tall, handsome and a blonde.

He—Dear me! I am short, dark and homely. Will you marry me!

She—Well—why not!

Too True.

Mr. Shortweight (dealer in coal)—I want you to settle for that ton of coal you got a few days ago. A man has to pay for what he gets in this world.

Customer—You are right, sir. And when he buys coal he has to pay for a lot he doesn't get.

Quite Possible.

"Be one of my bridesmaids, dear!"

"Wouldn't Tom object!"

"Tom! Why, no. He is choosing his own groomsmen."

"But, you see, dear, Tom used to love me."

"The very reason! I fancy he is arranging a little surprise for me."

She Sported Harvard Colors.

"Didn't Jack take his wife to the foot-ball game at Springfield!"

"Yes."

"Why not!"

"Jack's a Yale man and his wife has red hair."

Restaurant Grammar.

Beefsteak Ben (waiter in a Bowery restaurant)—De dude waiter must be from Boston!

Porkchop Joe (another waiter)—How jer know!

Beefsteak Ben—He yelled: "Two roast beeves!" to de kitchen, 'stead o' "Two roast beefs!"

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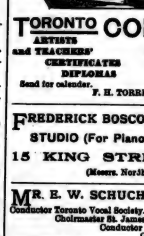

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Social and Personal.

Continued from Page Four.

and management, and deserves the hearty thanks of those interested. An extra drama is being arranged for the Saturday evening performance, representing a Highland wedding, in which Miss May Walker will personate Fair Ellen, Mr. McGillivray of the Kilties will represent Young Lochinvar. Mr. Rex. Stovel, the Bridegroom. The parts of the father and mother of Fair Ellen, the guests and the pipers will be taken by a number of young people, whose performance will be noticed next week. The Scotch Wedding is arranged as a special compliment to Colonel J. I. Davidson and his kilted regiment, under whose kind patronage the Saturday performance is given. Miss Donna Lamont will dance the Highland Fling during this drama.

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Miss Thomson, 101 Bedford road, gave a delightful At Home on Saturday afternoon. Amongst those I noticed were: Mrs. Fellowes, Miss Kingsmill, Mr. and Mrs. McQuaig, Mr. Grayson Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Baldwin, the Misses Rudyard Boulton, Miss Houlzon, Mr. Alfred Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Beatty, Miss Wood, Mrs. Freland, the Misses Symons, Mrs. Aylesworth, Mr. Morson, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Percy Maule, Mr. John Foy and Mr. Craig.

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Mrs. Harry Piper gave a delightful At Home on Tuesday afternoon at 41 Grenville street. Among those present were: Mrs. W. C. Mathews, Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. J. B. Hall, Mrs. Brush, Mrs. Reid, Mrs. D. Rose, Mrs. J. Walker, Mrs. J. E Hughes of England, Mrs. S. Smith, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. McCollum, Mrs. Sneers, Mrs. J. D. King, Mrs. Shields, Mrs. Baird, Mrs. McKinnon, Mrs. Myles, Mrs. Williams.

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Miss Minnie Powers of Port Hope, who has been visiting Mrs. Croil for some time, has returned home for Christmas. Miss Powers intends returning to Toronto shortly.

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By the time the city readers of SATURDAY NIGHT peruse this issue they will know as much, or more, about the Marriage Dramas than I do at this present. From the primitive bride, in her dull robe of deer skin or fur adorned with berries, grasses and flowers, down to the dainty creature of the present century in lace and satin and pearls, the Marriage Dramas have shown the brides of the succeeding ages in all their glory. The first rude and ready wooing of the wild wood maidens by the fierce huntsmen is a most picturesque and realistic presentation. (A list of the ladies and gentlemen taking part in all the Dramas was given in last week's paper.)

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When the curtain was drawn up, it disclosed a primeval scene, with Miss Helen Pemberton sleeping by a camp fire. She is joined by others, who are clothed in earth-colored garments trimmed with grasses, straw, nuts and berries, evidently dresses made by primitive maidens unacquainted with needle and thread. They have long, fair hair, and recall the earliest Saxon days of our forefathers. Whilst engaged in plaiting flowers, they are seized upon by two men, Messrs. Lee Pemberton and Louis Bean, who succeed in carrying off two of the girls to be their brides. The men have flowing, matted hair, high fur boots, and fur skin coats hanging from their shoulders.

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The Marriage by Purchase is copied from Edwin Long's famous picture, A Babylonian Marriage Market. This is a most artistic tableau. The girls, who are types of beauty from all lands, are waiting to be sold. Here we see amongst the purchasers, Babylonian nobles, Arabs, Turks and Greeks. The auctioneer, Mr. Bertie Cawthra, is robed in Oriental style, in a long, flowing yellow garment, with trimmings of a darker hue. The purchaser has a robe of old gold, trimmed with rich silk and clusters of spangles. One of the men's dresses is a most startling bit of color; it is a gown of vivid red, which reaches to his feet. He is a most imposing figure and wears a yellow and gold turban. Miss Katie Peters made a very lovely picture as she stood upon the block to be purchased. She and the other maidens were robed in soft white robes, with massive gold ornaments, some having flowing hair and some braided bands.

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The Jewish wedding is one of the most beautiful tableaux. The coloring is truly Eastern, and it is full of life and movement. In this scene the canopy bearers await the arrival of the bridegroom and the friends. The bride, Miss Anora Trounce, is led three times around the groom, Mr. A. Stringer, beneath the canopy by her bridesmaid, Miss Darby. The Rabbi, Mr. Ernest Thompson, then enters. He is clad in purple vestments. He removes the Talith, worn by the bridegroom, and wraps it about the two to show that they are one. The ring is then placed on the bride's finger, the sacred wine is drunk from the same cup. Then the goblet is dashed to the ground by the bridegroom, as a token of their plighted troth; and a dancing girl appears, accompanied by other girls with cymbals, who are joined by the torch bearers in a triumphal march to the bridegroom's home. The bride's dress was soft, clinging white, with a gold girdle, and her veil was kept in place by a gold coronet with pendent ornaments of gold. She looked, with her dark hair and dark eyes, an ideal bride. The canopy bearers wore white robes, stoles and sashes of Oriental coloring. The guests' dresses were green, yellow, blue and gray, with girdles, head dresses and ornaments. The torch bearers were clad in white, with colored bands and girdles with pendants. The dancing girl, Miss Clara Brown, looked most picturesque in full Turkish trowsers, with bodice of cream satin. She wore a yashmak, which hid nearly all her features, and carried a shawl of brilliant colors, which she folds and unfolds around her. Her dancing was most graceful.

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In the Roman Wedding, the curtain was drawn up, disclosing a chamber hung with black curtains, which arrangement lends great distinctness to the figures and is a happy contrast to the brilliant Jewish pageant. At the back was a raised dais, on one side of which was a burning brazier and on the other a basin of water. Scarf dancers were arranged on either side. The bride, Miss Laura Sturrock, was accompanied to the dais by attendants carrying torches. All the dresses were white, with full draperies and full flowing bodices made in points. The bride wore a veil, and in her hand she carried a distaff. The bridegroom, Mr. DuMoulin, meets her and hands her a key, symbolic of her power. Then they pass their hands through the fire upon the burning brazier, and the water. Then the rejoicings begin with the graceful and stately scarf dance. This was very beautiful, especially when the colored lights were thrown upon the dancers.

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The chorus then very charmingly tells the story of Pocahontas, and a realistic Indian scene is disclosed, with a camp fire on which a large kettle is boiling. The Hunchback, Raw Hunt, is the first to appear; a number of Indian squaws follow, they erect a wigwam and sit round the fire. John Rolfe, the Saxon groom (Mr. M. Lowndes), conducted Pocahontas, the Indian bride (Miss Mamie Smith), to the tent. She wore a short yellow dress, very much trimmed and embroidered with beads and decorated with feathers. Several Indian braves appeared in full costume, the chief wearing a scalp jacket with scalp tufts. John Rolfe looked very striking in knee breeches, silver-buckled shoes and costume of the time of James I. He was accompanied by the Colonial Governor, who was attired in the same style, but with a brown cloak trimmed with fur. After him came Saxon girls, some of whom were dressed in butter-cup satin, large white collars, broad sashes and caps, whilst others looked most demure and "fetching" in plain brown and gray dresses, white kerchiefs folded on their shoulders and little caps on their heads. A number of Indian games were played, the pipe of peace smoked, an Elk dance danced, a squaw blindfolded, and great fun is caused by the chase of the Hunchback. The squaws' dresses were very effective, with their bright colors, beads, ornaments and flowing hair. Indeed, there was more life and action in this marriage than in any of the preceding ones.

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The report of the Marriage Dramas will be concluded next week.

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AT 3 O'CLOCK, P.M.

When the annual statement will be presented and officers elected for the ensuing year.

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'Varsity Chat.

WITH Mr. A. T. De Lury, B.A., in the chair, and Mr. H. P. Biggar acting as secretary, a "large and influential" meeting of the students was held one afternoon last week in the School of Practical Science assembly hall, and many took the floor to discuss the proposal to form an *Alma Mater* society. What it all meant no person could very well define, nor did the following motion by Messrs. Percy Parker and W. P. Reeve give much light to the "mass": "That this mass meeting of students of the University of Toronto and School of Practical Science express themselves in favor of organizing the whole student body into a regularly constituted society, in order that all business affecting the general interests of the student body may receive proper and orderly consideration, and accordingly be more satisfactorily concluded and receive due attention in such a society." After speeches by the mover and seconder and Messrs. J. D. Webster, W. P. Thomson, B.A., R. S. Strath, J. Gillies, K. W. McMillan and Goldie, it was decided to form an athletic association and a committee was appointed to make the necessary arrangements for carrying out the wishes of the meeting. The literary society is still the comprehensive organization of the University.

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In a down-town restaurant on Friday evening of last week the School of Practical Science men held their fourth annual dinner, and an enjoyable time was spent. Among those present were: Major V. Sankey, City Engineer Keating, Profs. Coleman, Galbraith, Ellis, Messrs. L. B. Stewart, T. R. Rosebrugh, J. Duff, and C. H. C. Wright, and J. H. McPhail, representative from the engineering department of McGill College, J. McCullough, L. M. Bowman, W. English, E. B. Merrill, Andrew Lane and others. The dinner committee, to which much of the success of the banquet was due, was as follows: Chairman, Mr. W. A. Lea; vice chairman, Mr. J. D. Shields; secretary-treasurer, Mr. H. T. Wood: committee, Messrs. A. T. Laing, J. Laidlaw, N. M. Lash, A. L. McAllister, H. Rolph, and H. Fitzsimons.

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Mr. A. F. Rykert, B.A., attended the medical banquet of the Western University at London.

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Under the following editorial and business management the *'Varsity* makes its weekly appearance and is eagerly read by the undergraduates and many graduates: The editorial staff—Editor in-chief, Mr. F. B. R. Hellems, '93; business manager and treasurer, Mr. G. R. Anderson, '93; assistant business manager, Mr. K. D. McMillan, '94; associate editor, Messrs. R S. Strath, '93, S. J. Robertson, '93, R. S. Jenkins, 93, Miss E. Durand, '94, B. A. C. Craig, '94, R. W. Thomson (School of Practical Science), J. H. Brown, '94, D. M. Duncan, 94, N. M. Duncan, '95, J. L. Murray, 95, E E. Harvey (Medical College), G. S. Young, B. A., (Medical College). The directorate—Messrs. N. McDougall, '93, chairman; W. E. Lingelbach, '94, secretary; R. S. Strath, '93, A. R. Gregory, '94, S. Silcox, '93, N. M. Duncan '95, W. J. Knox, 94, J. A. McArthur, '95, G. M. Ferris, B. A., (Medical College), A. R. Goldie, (School of Practical Science). It will be noticed that no reporters are employed. All write by inspiration and there appears to be no need of news gatherers. The paper is well conducted and is a credit to the students, writers and subscribers who pay their subscriptions.

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According to the versions of scripture given by the lecturer in Orientals, the first woman has had much to bear, but why should his pupils write of her in the *'Varsity* thus: "The identity of Adam Rufus, who writes the 'Varsity Chat in SATURDAY NIGHT has long been a perplexing question, but since the last issue of that paper the opinion has been gaining ground that Eve Rufus would be a more descriptive *nom de plume*." There may be a joke intended, but I really cannot see where it arises. Perhaps the young ladies who have been designated as Adam may be able to discern the point.

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At a meeting of the Mathematical and Physical Society, the programme was provided by Miss Lindsay and Messrs. G. Anderson and H. A. Moore.

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The other day I had sent me a curriculum for the department of Pharmacy, and on it were the unsigned words, "Give them (the University authorities) a rub about allowing the hoodlums of Pharmacy men to take an equal stand as graduates with the arts and meds." The pill rollers will get the degree of Phm. B., which means bachelor of pharmacy. What "rub" should I give? If I gave any I might, in retort, be asked to name all the members of the arts faculty who can use the English language with ordinary felicity and force. Should I be obliged to produce a list I would be abused by those unnamed in "most vicious" English. The tendency of my chat, however, has been to discourage pulling down University College in order to give character and standing to other institutions without any reciprocal good resulting. The whole tenor of the policy which admits of such extension of the scope of the University has been to lower the standard of the work done and belittle a University course in the minds of the public. If this policy goes on, four hundred "Vets." will shortly be disporting themselves on the lawn and they will have to be saluted as "Doctors." I do not mean to imply any disparagement of any of the outside (holy) shows introduced; these are all right in their own places and many of those who are connected with them, either as teachers or students, are fine fellows and have more brains than hosts of those who pride themselves in being arts men or meds. It is against the spirit, sentiment or what other synonym you will, of Universal College to attach to it all kinds of professional and technical bodies. I trust, however, that the college will be able ever to maintain the cause of liberal education in a manner to win the admiration and support of all who do or do not get degrees.

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Mr. J. G. Bowles, president, handled the gavel at the last meeting of Vic's Literary Society. Messrs. E. M. Burwash, Hosking, Hollinrake and Keough spoke in favor of the proposition that state universities are preferable to those under religious denominations, and Messrs. W. F. Osborne, E. R. Young, C. P. Clarke and Logan opposed their contentions. Messrs. J. H. McBain and Hermiston gave recitations. Messrs. R. L Starr, B.A., LL.B., and L. Cæsar delivered short addresses. The Jackson Society has elected Mr. S. R Marshall, B.A., its president for the ensuing term.

ADAM RUFUS

A Happy Faculty.

Apostrophe to the Trinity College Bell.

For Saturday Night.

O bell! thou rude disturber of my sleep,
Pray to thyself thy clanging discords keep.
Oft have I wished thee peacefully at rest
Tied to the steward's neck to dangle on his chest.
Perchance thou mightest if thou were in the mood,
Confide to him how exceeding bad's the food,
And having done so, go from hence away
To sport thyself with him throughout the livelong day.
No more then would it thou wake us with thy din,
And freshmen might sleep on till half-past nine or ten.
To go to chapel, lecture, or the hall,
Thine adamantine lips would us no longer call;
Thine absence would on us confer a boon,
So eat thee goes, thou can'st not go too soon.

December 10, 1892. B.

Trinity Talk.

A SPECIAL meeting of the Literary Institute was called for Monday evening, December 5. At this meeting, the resignation of the secretary, Mr. Troop, was read. It was unanimously moved that Mr. Troop be asked to reconsider his resignation and much satisfaction was felt at the subsequent withdrawal of it.

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As this meeting afforded the last opportunity this term of speaking to the men *en masse* Rev. Prof. Cayley, accordingly, on behalf of Corporation, spoke on two important matters, one being of vital interest, namely, the new gymnasium. Prof. Cayley stated that at the last meeting of Corporation decided steps had been taken toward the erection of the new building, which is to complete the quadrangle, and that it was intended to devote the ground and first floors to a college gymnasium. Of course the building of this wing has been under consideration for some time, but not until now has the way seemed clear to carry the scheme out. But there seems to be every reason to believe that before another summer has passed the new wing will begin to take form and shape. It is needless to say that this announcement met with uproarious applause. There are two grounds on which to rejoice—that of the decided increase in numbers which necessitated this step, and that of the impetus which will be given to athletics by means of a gymnasium. As to the first, the number of students previously attending lectures has been, compared to other institutions, small. This, I think, has been due largely to the fact that heretofore a most erroneous idea of Trinity has been entertained by men about to matriculate. Instead of the small divinity school, men are now beginning to see an institution with its faculties of medicine, arts and law, as well as divinity—an institution which is thoroughly in touch with the time and with Canadians, and which, though small now, is progressing with rapid strides. And as to the question of size, I think it is a matter of serious debate whether the advantages to be had at a small college are not every bit as great as those to be had at larger institutions. True, there are not the facilities for the sciences, but as a rule the man who goes in for science prefers spending his time at some scientific school, which is very often unconnected with any university. So that this objection, I think, is over-ruled with very little difficulty. But take the average man, who, on leaving his school, enters a higher institution of learning. His object is the higher and fuller development of his mental powers, and the attainment of that refinement which must result from a close contact with great men and their works. In order to do this, he pursues the regular line of study which is usually designated by the term Arts Course, and which includes the classics, philosophy, the modern and Oriental languages and so on. Now, where can this be better accomplished than at the smaller college, where the student is, both at lectures and in a social way, brought into close contact with his professors, where he receives a close supervision and personal direction, which, I contend, at a larger institution he simply could not get; and where he is surrounded by a very atmosphere of study, which, I say again, is more marked in what is called the small college. Here, where we have our professors, fresh from Oxford and Cambridge, men who have ranked high at one or the other in their respective departments, with our facilities for the branches named above, we can offer every advantage to the man who now at the top of his school is waiting to choose his *Alma Mater*. As to the steady increase in numbers, as I said before, the new wing speaks for that.

Then as to the second point, the benefit to athletics which will result from the new gymnasium. And in dealing with this point, the other phase of life at Trinity is brought out. I don't intend going into details as to our teams in cricket, football, baseball and hockey; they are eminently capable of speaking for and taking care of themselves, and besides, I have said enough at other times. But as to the effect of the gymnasium. Already our men have been imbued with that invaluable article, college spirit. The team men trained well and hard this year, and with the advantage of a gymnasium, systematic work under coaches would be begun which would not only thoroughly prepare the various teams for their seasons of battles, but would also develop men for track athletics, and from this we would get as fixtures our spring and fall meets. Of course we have yet to get the gymnasium, but at present there is no reason why we should not look for it in the very near future. I intend at another time to speak of the college life at Trinity, and to attempt to give some sort of an idea of an undergraduate's life here.

•

At a meeting of the Ontario Rugby Union we were represented by Messrs. Bedford-Jones, DuMoulin and McCarthy. Mr. DuMoulin was elected a member of the executive. The general feeling of the meeting was decidedly against the reducing of the number of players to twelve, and the motion was defeated by a large number of votes. This question has been pretty well discussed in football circles and 'tis needless to speak of it here. The proposed formation of an intermediate league—which will take in the second fifteens of this year and of the junior league—which will be composed of high schools and collegiate institutes and city teams of that age, would prove here, as it has elsewhere, of immense benefit to first fifteens, and especially college teams. If only the juniors are "boomed," material will always be in process of development and the promising young half back or forward may be watched and trained from the start.

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The meetings of the "Lit." have been discontinued until next term. The executive are already beginning to think of a date for the conversat. and every effort will be made to ensure its success.

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The Dramatic Club is hard at work, and Mr. Richards, the Banjo and Guitar Club's instructor, seems determined that his men shall in no wise "find seats in the rear, please."

RED AND BLACK.

An Old Paper.

SATURDAY NIGHT of the 3rd inst. says: "We have been handed a copy of the London *Times*, dated June 22, 1815, by Mr. J. Dudley of Fuller street, Toronto." The paper referred to contains an account of many interesting events of that time. But we can go brother Don one better. We have had the perusal of a very much older paper, "*The Dublin Journal* from Saturday, the 23rd *May*, to Tuesday, the 26th May, 1741," over one hundred and fifty years ago! It contains A Plan of Carthagena, with a complete description of the plan, and a brief history of its rise, siege and fall. We are indebted to our postmaster, Mr. M. Teefy, for the perusal of this ancient newspaper. In addition to the Plan of Carthagena on the first page, it contains a variety of interesting items of news from Russia, Sweden, Italy, Spain, Germany, Brandenburgh, Flanders, France, Scotland, England, and many electioneering addresses by ambitious candidates for seats in the old Irish Parliament. There are many interesting advertisements, one of which announces that George Faulkner (the proprietor of the Journal) has published "The Tale of a Tub, written for the universal improvement of mankind." Mr. Teefy's files of newspapers and literary rarities make a valuable collection. The paper we refer to is in a good state of preservation, clear print, with the old-fashioned letters "s" and "c."—*Richmond Hill Liberal.*

Now, when Mr. Teefy and the editor of the *Liberal* produce a paper which contains an account of the siege of Carthagena among its current news and telegraphic despatches, there is nothing for us to do but retire from the contest. The chief interest in the paper mentioned by us was the fact that in it appeared Wellington's great despatch from Waterloo along with the *Times'* editorial screech on receiving the news.

Enough.

"So you want to marry Emma—but she is my only daughter."

"Oh, that's all right. I only want one."

His Time to Run.

"What are you running for!" yelled one messenger boy to another.

"I'm off duty now," was the satisfactory reply.

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HOLIDAY SEASON
We are prepared to sell all our remaining stock in
Millinery
Flowers
Feathers
Ribbons, etc.
Mantles
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Is busy with Dinner and Evening Costumes, in which we excel. Prices low for stylish garments. Fit guaranteed.
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MISS PAYNTER
3 King Street East
Over J. E. Ellis. Access by Elevator.

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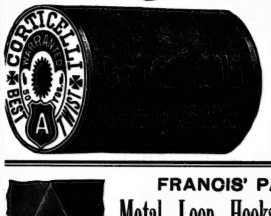

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Hero's Visit to Leander.

ONE evening, as I sat in my "little attic room" poring deep over the wisdom and lore of a long-forgotten people, a knock came to the door and a moment after Hero entered. After being seated himself a pipe and having made himself comfortable in my easy chair, with his feet on my new fifty-dollar set of texts, he opened his mouth, emitted a vast volume of tobacco smoke, and spoke as follows:

"Thou knowest that Leander, my soul's delight, my more than life, dwells in a distant city at the foot of a mountain."

"Yes," said I, showing my four years' college training in German.

"Yes," replied he, "it is even so. Thou also knowest," he continued, "my position here, though the smallness of its remunerance denies me the privilege of traveling by train to see her, my love, my life, my all."

"Yes," said I.

"Now," he went on, "I intend to go thither on foot, and I came to see you whether you could accompany me and 'stand on my right hand.'"

"How far?" I asked, my Scotch descent betraying itself.

"Nigh unto thirteen parasangs," he said. N. B.—He had been plucked in first-year Greek once on a time.

"How far is that?" I said.

"About three hundred acres," he went on, of which remark I made a mental note to use in my essay as a proof positive that early associations cannot be eradicated.

"Give us it in United States," said I. "I never was linguistic in any line."

"About forty miles," he replied.

"It is a great length of a distance," said I. "How name the dwellers there the State?"

"Hamilton," said he.

"The satan," said I. "You mean you want me to walk to Hamilton with you?"

"Yes," said he.

"Who's going?" said I.

"If you come," said he, "we will be four."

"Good, I go." For I always go anywhere or do anything rather than study. "When do we start?"

"Saturday, at seven a.m.," said he.

"Hats!" I continued. "Too early, never get up till ten; can't you start in the afternoon?"

"No," said he, "but you must come."

And so it was arranged that we four should start on Saturday, at seven a.m., from "Scholes" to walk to Hamilton.

Well, we started only five minutes late. We started, I repeat, but from different reasons. I, to reduce flesh; Hero, to see Leander; a third to study character, and a fourth to get an appetite. We trudged gally along, the morning being fine—that is, neither snowing nor raining though threatening both, and the roads in excellent condition—that means, with only one foot of mud on them.

And so we reached Mimico. Here we concluded to send our valise and extra clothing, as we were afraid we might get them dirty, so we set out to find the station. Meeting a man, we enquired as to the distance to the station, and he politely informed us it was two hundred yards, three feet, eight inches. Such he had measured it himself. We went up and got our baggage expressed, but oh! how we would like to meet that man with the mutton-chop whiskers again!

Well, we continued on our way over hill and dale till we reached Port Credit, without any adventures at all. We expected to get our "wind" at Port Credit, but found the train was late and so it had not arrived, so we went on without it. And now we thought we would like to know exactly the distance we had to go before we should reach Oakville, where we intended to dine. We asked three men we met what the distance was. The first said eleven, the second twelve, and the third thirteen miles. We left them quarreling amongst themselves and went on. We met another man about a half a mile further on and asked him; he said it was exactly six miles; about one hundred yards further we met still another, who assured us definitely it was four and a half miles, and about a mile on still another who said it was only fifteen then. We trudged on and found it to be about eight or nine miles. I thought over these statements as we went along and could not rid my mind of the terrible denunciations of Rev. xxi. 8. O that men heeded these things and paid attention to their words and actions, but still I am glad that Rev. xxi. 8, was written, for it is such a pleasure to know that men cannot deceive you for naught. Hunger now began to assert itself very strongly, but like the Israelites in the wilderness we were miraculously preserved; for as we were, like Christian in Bunyan's parable, ascending the hill that is called Difficult, we lit on just upon an "arbor" but upon a Swedish turnip. There was rejoicing in the camp, and with light hearts though with heavy limbs we ascended the hill and happening upon a pile of logs sat us down and proceeded to eat our turnip.

While thus engaged I learned a lesson which has taught me forever to cease judging by appearances. It happened in this wise. While we sat there we espied an aged man whose appearance bespoke either the colporteur of a certain society or a Methodist local preacher—presumably the latter—and hastened to seek his company and share our frugal meal. One of our party asked him by way of introduction if there was a hotel on the road where we could get something to eat. He replied, Socratic-like, "Wish by the dog there was." We then asked him to share our meal. "What's yez eatin'?" said he. "Swedi-h turnip," said I. "Think I am a cow?" says he. "More like a growler," said I, and he went on. I am now firmly convinced he was a drunken tramp. We followed his example and arrived without further incident at Oakville, where ample justice was done to the beefsteak and onions of mine host. While here one of our party began to feel unwell and was afraid of cramps in the stomach, in which fear we also participated, having seen him at the table. So he provided himself with the great stomach cure 3 cc. put up by the Oakville doctor, and thus this danger was averted. We now took to the track and found it an improvement on the road. Some little time was lost, however, by a chance acquaintance whom we picked up and the signs along the railway track. Here and there along the line we saw the letter W on a board. Our friend insisted that it meant Whisky, and so we lost time while he was engaged digging for the bottle which he presumed was concealed thereabouts; and it was only when we met a section-man that the mystery was explained, and we found that it only meant Whistle. So we whistled off brakes and got along. A similar error was fallen into by one of our party, who saw a sign, G & B., which turned out to mean Guard & Bridge, not, as he supposed, Gin and Bitters. Other signs were met with, the most noteworthy of which was a sign at a bridge, "Do not walk over this bridge faster than ten miles per hour." From this time till we reached the Valley Inn, nothing occurred. Hero, fired with the desire to see Leander, kept up a fearful pace, and we dragged our weary limbs on. Finally we arrived at Hamilton and partook there of an oyster supper, after which we lit cigars and hastened down with Hero to the home of Leander. But alas for the dreams of youth.

The hopes of morn so golden turn each evening into dross,

said the poet, and Hero found it true. We reached her home, but just turning the corner we saw a rig with a "fellow" and a "girl." The girl was singing soft and low, still not so low but that Hero did recognize the sweet voice as it sang:

When the cat's away
It is then the mice will play,
Ta-ra-ra.

But the reader can imagine the rest. As for us, we hastened home by the 9.20, but Hero came not with us. Where he is I know not. But we have often read of "Disappointed Love." Let us hope for the best.—*Meander, in The 'Varsity.*

Art and Artists.

ENTRIES for the American Water Color Society should be forwarded to the secretary, C. Harry Eaton, 52 East 23rd street, New York, by the 27th December, and artists will require to have their pictures there by the first week of January.

•

McGillivray Knowles is making rapid strides in the Mother Country, and at the tenth exhibition of the British Institute of Painters in Oil Colors, his picture entitled C. Levan Church, Cornwall (No. 490 in the catalogue), was hung on the line in a prominent place. He is now under Herkimer, R.A., who is probably the most accomplished and versatile artist in Great Britain. Some good studies by Mr. Knowles along the coast of Devon and Cornwall have just arrived, and those who take an interest in the work of Canadian artists abroad can view them at Bain's.

•

Mr. F. A. Verner, also in England, is sending out four oil paintings of Lo, the Poor Indian, for the World's Fair, four water colors of Indian camp life, and a very large picture, The Monarch of the Prairies.

•

J. E. Mayfield, who was in Toronto and was engaged at the Art School, is achieving success in New York as a painter of boy life. He has erected a handsome studio on the New Jersey side of the Hudson and is looked upon as likely to be the successor of the well known J. G. Brown.

•

Miss Laura A. Muntz sends a painting from La Belle France, entitled The Fairy Tale.

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The O. S. A. exhibition opens Dec. 20.

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Mr. L. R. O'Brien has an exhibition of water colors at Matthews'.

•

The O. S. A. had their monthly meeting on Tuesday.

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As promised last week, we give as complete a list as possible of the artists of the town and their studios. Here are the ladies: Adams, Miss J. M. F., 36 Carlton street; Campbell, Mrs., 349 Markham street; Couen, Miss, 251 Carlton street; Dignam, Mrs., 509 Markham street; Good, Miss, 35 Lowther avenue; Gregory, Mrs., 509 Markham street; Hannaford, Miss, 67 Winchester street; Heaslip, Mrs., The Worum; Heigler, Miss, 152 Robert street; Howson, Miss, 16 Brunswick avenue; Joplin, Miss, 193 Bloor street east; Knapp, Miss, 93 Huntley street; Martin, Miss, 45 King street east; Mason, Miss, 8 North street; McCormack, Miss, 75 Adelaide street east; Orr, Miss, 176 Bloor street east; Osler, Miss, 35 Avenue street; Palin, Miss, 14 St. Joseph street; Procter, Miss, Winchester street; Reid, Mrs., Yonge Street Arcade; Samuel, Miss, 49 Howland avenue; Sewell, Miss, 50 Peter street; Shaw, Miss, 166 Jameson avenue; Snow, Mrs., 1412 Queen street west; Spurr, Miss, 248 Gerrard street east; Stennett, Miss, 233 Beverley street; Sullivan, Miss, 6 Trinity square; Turner, Miss, 10 Wellesley street; Tully, Miss, Yonge Street Arcade; Vickers, Miss, Adelaide street east.

•

Here are the gentlemen alphabetically arranged: Ahrens, Carl, Lone Pine Cottage, Lee avenue; Atkinson, W. C., 905 Queen street west; Bell-Smith, F. M., Equity Chambers; Biehn, J., Equity Chambers; Blatchley, W. D., Rose avenue; Boultbee, 224 Carlton street; Brunetch, G. R., 32 Bismarck avenue; Challener, F. S., *Mail* Building; Cruikshank, W., 52 Adelaide street east; Cutts, W., 49 King street east; Forbes, J. C., 8 Orde street; Forster, J. W. L., 81 King street east; Frith, G. R., 563 Sherbourne street; Gagen, R. F., 79 King street west; Grier, W., Canada Life Building; Hahn, G., 147 Roxboro' avenue; Hovenden, R., 91 King street west; Howard, A. H., 53 King street east; Jacobi, O. R., Grand Opera House; Jones, S., 76 King street west; Kidd, J. M., 94 Adelaide street east; Lismer, R. J., 75 Adelaide street east; Manly, C. M., 75 Adelaide street east; Martin, H., 608 Church street; Martin, T. M., 45 King street east; Matthews, M., Wychwood, Bracondale; McCausland, R., 76 King street west; McCully, T. W., Trust and Loan Building; O'Brien, L. R., 9 College street; Patterson, A. D., Medical Council Building; Penson, G. R., Grand Opera House; Rolford, J. A., Millichamp Building; Reid, G. A., Yonge Street Arcade; Revell, W., 518 Ontario street; Ralph, J. T., 158 St. George street; Russell, H. M., Produce Exchange; Sherwood, W. A., Yonge Street Arcade; Spiers, H., Millichamp Building; Staples, O. P., 39 McGill street; Thompson, E., 86 Howard street; Wilkinson, T. H., 39 Adelaide street east; Williamson, W. E., 15 Toronto street.

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Messrs. Chase, Church and Elwell of New York will be contributors to the future exhibitions of the C. R. A.

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On the evening of Tuesday, the 20th December, Mr. S. Jones will give his readings from Hood in the rooms of the O. S. A.

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Mr. T. M. Martin has a private view of water colors and oils at his studio, King street east.

•

Mr. W. A. Sherwood is at work on a large oil entitled, we believe, The Young Spendthrift, intended for the C. R. A. exhibition in Montreal next February.

•

The Toronto School of Landscape and Decorative Painting, under the direction of Mr. H. Martin, has a first-rate formula including drawing, perspective oil, water color painting, and arrangements have been made with a specialist to teach the art of china painting, which has become quite a fashionable diversion.

VAN.

New Books and Magazines.

EXPERT BOOKKEEPING: A practical work for the use of business men, shareholders, directors, officers, auditors, etc., of joint stock companies, associations, societies, municipalities, etc., and for advanced students in the science of accounts. Published by C. A. Fleming, principal of the Northern Business College, Owen Sound. 337 p.p., price, $2 00.

The author, already widely known in the business world as the head of one of the best commercial colleges in the country, to other works of interest and value to the business man has added a more pretentious and in most respects a satisfactory volume, well gotten up and handsomely bound. While the student of the accountant's science will find in it description and explanation of the books of various industries and institutions, it will chiefly be found valuable to the bookkeepers and officers of joint stock companies, for whose special benefit it was written. Important chapters are those relating to balance sheets, annual statements, reserve funds, reserve accounts, etc., and a reprint of the Ontario and Dominion Joint Stock Companies Acts, all of which must largely assist in procuring accurate and "straight" information as to the standing of such concerns. Loan companies, insurance, co-operative associations, municipalities, banking, warehouses, churches, partnerships, settlements, are headings which are treated in a fresh and attractive way and which are well calculated to extend the knowledge of the reader safely on these subjects. All practical bookkeepers will peruse with interest at least the section devoted to the elucidation of a new sort of trial balance, and if on this point alone the author has succeeded in throwing a new light he will have secured not only a gratified reader but a perpetual advertisement as well.

•

Belford's Monthly since removing its place of publication to Chicago has become a magazine of the first order, both from literary and artistic standpoints. The December or Christmas number is a capital one. The series of illustrated papers on The Men Who Made the West, is continued, and William Armstrong contributes an excellent story entitled The Luminous Face. Another good short story is My Typewriter by Jere Odd. Among the other contributors are Edith M. Thomas, Max Maury, Grace McGowan Cooke, Valentia, Francis Robinson Jordan and William Perry Brown. The editorial department is spicy, and all that need be said of the book reviews in *Belford's* is that Ople Read writes them.

•

As everybody knows, there is a complete novel published each month in *Lippincott's*, and in the December number Pearce Amerson's Will by Richard Malcolm Johnston is a very entertaining story and admirably handled. During the past year *Lippincott's* has contained, from month to month, several high-class pieces of original fiction. The number on my desk is also distinguished by rarely good short stories and papers, descriptive and historical. In the famous journalistic series Moses E. Handy tells of the surrender of the Virginius, he having been present at the time as special newspaper correspondent. Perhaps one of the very best things in the number, though, is Ella Sterling Cummins' bit of fiction called An Honest Heathen, and illustrated by a sympathetic artist. It is the tale of a Chinese who came to America and embraced Christianity in the same matter-of-fact way with which he breathed the air, but on making his little pile and returning to his native land he as promptly resumed the habits and worship of his fathers. Other contributors are D. P. Heap, Francis Preston Fremont, Mrs. Bloomfield Moore, Edwin AtLee Barber and M. Crofton.

•

The Week, of this city, has change1 its form, increasing its number of pages to twenty-four, reducing their size and narrowing the width and length of its columns. To some who have by long custom become endeared to the wide columns and to the dignified countenance of *The Week's* pages, the change may not for a while prove welcome. But it will better suit a larger field of readers. One result that seems certain is that contributors will require to shorten their articles a trifle so that one contribution will not run over too many pages. In this way the mechanical change will influence the literary contents more or less. *The Week* has a solid place in the country—a place in the esteem of men of education and mental substance, who insist upon looking deeper than the surface of a subject. Mr. Robinson, the publisher, and Mr. Moberly, the managing editor, are to be congratulated upon the paper they produce.

REVIEWER.

He Ought to Know.

A well known actor was talking one day in a *cafe* about an acquaintance that he had picked up in a train; I was perfectly amazed at the intimate knowledge the man possessed of everything relating to the Berlin theaters. He was thoroughly initiated in all their little schemes and knew all about the financial position of each of the managers. I asked him: "I presume I have the honor of speaking to a fellow actor?"

"No," he replied.

"Or a theatrical agent?"

"Nothing of that kind."

"Or one of our leading critics?"

"No, I am sorry to say."

"But allow me to ask, how did you acquire this unprecedented familiarity with the concerns of the Berlin theaters; you must have a great deal to do with actors and managers?"

"Quite correct," said the man curtly; "I am a sheriff's officer."

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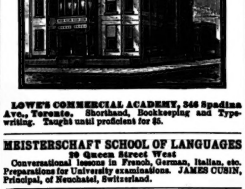

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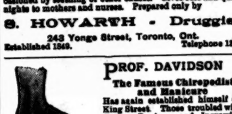

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Specific in Sick Headache, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Liver and Pile troubles and Menstrual difficulties. Worth a guinea a box. Price 25c.; 5 boxes for $1. Send for pamphlet to
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We handle all the favorite odors of English, French and American Perfumes. Also a full class of A 1 druggists' sundries for the Holiday Season.
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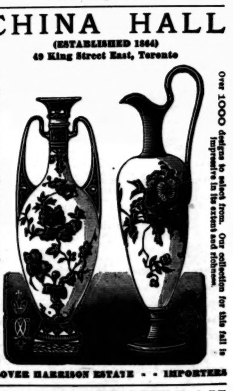
(ESTABLISHED 1864)
49 King Street East, Toronto



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MARTIN McMILLAN
GROCER
430 Yonge St. Tel. 641
Has a complete assortment of nice, fresh
CHRISTMAS GROCERIES
now in stock. A new importation of the celebrated
TAMILKANDE TEA
also to hand.
Mocha, Java and Other Varieties of Coffees
Fresh roasted and ground to order. I also have another shipment of
CRYSTAL RICE
the best of all Cereal food products. Pure, Healthful, Convenient. 10c. a pound. Try it. PRICES LOOK BOTTOM

GET YOUR HATS BLOCKED AT
H. & W. WATSON'S
11 Adelaide Street West

A Pointer for Santa Claus.

It is customary for all dealers to make special efforts for an extra display of their wares for a few weeks prior to the holiday season. Everybody is then on the lookout for something new in the shape of presents. Most of our dealers appreciate this fact to such an extent that people generally find the greatest difficulty in deciding what to get for their friends. Among the displays made for this Christmas there is probably none more extensive or comprehensive than that made by Messrs. Ryrie Bros., corner Yonge and Adelaide streets.

The Wardrobe of a Well Dressed Man.

A well dressed man does not require so much an extensive as a varied wardrobe. He needs a different costume for every season and every occasion, but if what he has chosen be simple rather than striking he may wear the same clothes as often as he likes as long as they are fresh and appropriate to the season and the object. There are four kinds of coats which he must have. A morning coat, a frock coat, a dress coat and an overcoat. He may have as many of each of these as he may think fit or his pocket book may permit. The present style of overcoat for fall and winter wear is worn very much longer than what has been worn for the past few seasons, made single or double breasted, the latter having the preference; the style of goods, beavers, meltons and fine kerseys, of which I have a large assortment. Henry A. Taylor, No. 1 Rossin House Block.

Her Arithmetic

Edith—What lovely gloves, Evelyn. Are those the Fontaine?

Evelyn—Yes, my dear; and the first pair you buy, you know, they give you cheaper; these were really a dollar and a half, but I got them for a dollar thirty-five—I'm going to give mamma half a dozen pairs for Christmas.

Baby's Christmas Dinner

While the old folks are laying in the time-honored turkeys, mince meats, etc. for Christmas dinner, the prudent mother will provide Nestle's Food for the baby. Shall we send you a free sample?

Nestle's Food

THOS. LEEMING & CO., MONTREAL

FLORAL Bingham's PERFUMES

100 Yonge St. Toronto.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

FEATHERSTONHAUGH—Dec. 12, Mrs. J. E. Featherstonhaugh—a daughter.
HOLLAND—Dec. 13, Mrs. George A. Holland—a son.
MACHELL—Dec. 7, Mrs. H. T. Machell—a son.
WOOD—Dec 12, Mrs Ernest J. Wood—a son.
COWAN—Dec. 12, Mrs. Fred W. Cowan—a son.
FERGUSON—Dec. 11, Mrs. T. R. Ferguson—a son.
LAWS—Dec. 10, Mrs. H. J. Laws—a daughter.
GUINNESS—Dec. 10, Mrs. A. Guinness—a s n.
DEAS—Dec. 10, Mrs. Gilbert A. Deas—a son.
DOWDALL—Dec. 3, Mrs. R. J. Dowdall—a daughter.
RIDOUT—Dec. 9, Mrs. Percival Ridout—a daughter.
BENNETT—Dec 6 Mrs. C. Bennett—a daughter.
THOMPSON—Dec. 7, Mrs. E. A Thompson—a son.

Marriages.

OSLEY—CAMPBELL—Dec. 7, Albert G. Osley to Emma Campbell.
CAMPBELL—BOWES—Dec. 7, Arch Campbell to Christina Bowes.
BOWBEER—SHANNON—Dec. 7, W. S. Bowbeer to Annie Shannon.
FOREMAN—BROWN—Dec. 8, J. Foreman to Maggie Brown.
WILSON—LUNN—Dec 7, James A. Wilson to Rachel Dunn.
HAMPTON—HENDERSON—Dec. 3, T. W. Hampton to Maggie Henderson.
PERSALL—SPARKS—Dec. 7, John Persall to Hattie Sparks.
SIMPSON—REEVELEY—Dec. 12, Francis Simpson to Eliza Reeveley.
WATERS—GRAY—Dec. 14, C. W. Waters to Minnie Gray.

Deaths.

PEPLER—Dec. 11, Philip M. Pepler, aged 10.
REYNELL—Dec. 11, Mary Raynell, aged 86
REID—Dec. 11, Jas Reid, aged 55
MOWAT—Dec. 9, Harriet Augusta Elliot.
WALSH—Dec. 9, John J. Walsh, aged 33.
ROSS—Dec 9, Marguerite M. Ross, aged 1.
FURSTON—Dec. 11, William Furston, aged 72
ARMSTRONG—Dec. 11, J. B. Armstrong, aged 55.
BOOTH—Dec. 10, Mary Booth, aged 18.
JEAN—Dec. 10, Alice Jean, aged 7.
MILNSTONE—Dec. 10, Mathias Milnstone, aged 62.
ARGUE—Dec. 6, Albert S. Argue, aged 19.
TURNER—Dec. 6, William Turner, aged 27.
KINGSMILL—Dec 9, Luke Eldon Kingsmill, aged 55.
THOMAS—Dec. 7, Captain Robert Thomas, aged 83,
CRATE—Dec 7, James F Crate, aged 39
ELLES—Dec 10, Howard Baldwin Elles, aged 2.

A choice selection of the latest novelties in

China and Glass . . FOR Christmas Gifts

WILLIAM JUNOR

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Get Ready for the Holidays--Buy Now--Don't Delay

"More for Your Money than Anywhere Else." R. WALKER & SONS "Everything Imaginable Suitable for Gifts."

Come to Headquarters--Pick from the Grandest, Lowest-Priced Holiday Stock Ever Shown

The advantages of early shopping cannot be overestimated. NOW you can select from the full assortment---get ready attention---go home pleased. LATER you will be jumbled around in the crowd--be delayed---pick from broken stocks--and go home tired out---wishing you had done your shopping sooner. Don't make this mistake.

NOTE---This immense Emporium of Dry Goods, Clothing, Mantles, Boots and Shoes, Books and Stationery, as well as Fancy Goods, Toys, Clocks, Silverware, China and Glass will be open until 10 O'CLOCK SATURDAY NIGHT and every night next week.

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SELECT YOUR

CHRISTMAS

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IN ADVANCE And let it be a

MASON & RISCH

LISZT.

PIANO

This was the favorite Christmas Box among the cultured last season and promises to be so again this year. Select your piano in time as the finest go first. Only one standard for tone and touch and that the highest.

Special Cases in English Oak, Satin Wood, Burl, Mahogany, Rosewood and Walnut.

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THE Chas. Rogers & Sons Co.

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97 YONGE STREET

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We are offering exceptional value in Secretaries, Cabinets, Music Racks, Rockers, Chairs, &c.

See our Antique Oak Rockers with Spring Seats at $3.90, $4.75 and $7.00.

We carry all grades of well-made Furniture.

See our Antique Oak Secretary at $8.00. Others in stock at all prices up to $300.

FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

Trust Funds

To loan. Lowest rates. No commission charged. Apply direct.

THOMSON, HENDERSON & BELL.

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FOR SALE or TO LET

A VERY DESIRABLE DETACHED

BRICK RESIDENCE

On Pembroke Street, richly decorated, with large reception rooms, square hall, handsome staircase, lavatories, butler's pantries, two kitchens, and eight bedrooms. Price for immediate sale only $8,500. This is about $2,500 less than cost. Small payment down will be accepted.

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School of Painting, Modelling and Drawing

Young Women's Christian Guild Building

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The pupil advances from the study of the finest antiques to the living model.

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Circulars and terms on application at the studios, or by mail on addressing the Secretary.

Fashionable Christmas Presents.

H. E. CLARKE & CO. have imported direct from the manufacturers a large variety of Leather Dressing Cases. The above cut represents one of the most popular patterns It is of elgeant finish, convenient shape and choice quality. Prices range from $7 to $25.

H. E. CLARKE & CO. realize that a Leather Dressing Case is now a necessity to all who like comfort when travelling, and the above is an illustration of the favorite style of case. They have them in great variety, fitted either for Lady or Gentleman, and at prices to suit all. They range from $2 to $20.

H. E. CLARKE & CO. show above as the newest pattern of Dressing Case, and it is a great favorite. The same shaped case is made containing only a pair of Brushes, Comb and Mirror. These goods are in great demand, and an early call is desirable as goods are selling very rapidly. Prices range from $4 to $7.25.

H. E. CLARKE & CO. would draw attention to their Toilet Bags. They make the most acceptable present possible to be given, and they have a large stock of them to choose from. These Bags are arranged in various ways and are of different patterns, to suit all requirements. Prices from $7.50 to $100.

In addition to goods already described they carry an immense variety of Purses, Card Cases, Cigar and Cigarette Cases, Pocket Flasks, Brush and Comb Sets, Manicures, Glove and Handkerchief Sets, Opera Glasses, Photograph Holders and Frames, Satchels, Writing Cases, Chatelaines, Inkstands, &c. They also have some very superior lines in Trunks and Travelling Bags, made specially for Christmas trade, and some Children's Trunks that make a very useful as well as ornamental present.

Store open in the evenings until after Christmas.

H. E. Clarke & Co.

105 King Street West